



WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

EVANGELINE BOOTH
Comedian.

Price, 5 Cents.

MAJOR EVENTS

MAJOR McMILLAN

ONTARIO CAMP MEET
ING BRIGADE
Petrolia, Aug. 12 to 22

GADIER PUGHIRE

Tweed. Aug. 30 to Sept. 10;
Sept. 10 to Sept. 22; Montreal
to Oct. 5.

ST. BURDITT and STAFF
CAPT. MANTON
Stratford, Aug. 16 to Aug.
oll, Aug. 27 to Sept. 2.
ept. 10 to Sept. 22.

THANKS.

5, C. B.—I desire to see
and comrades through
the War Cry for their
and prayers during the hour
w.—Jennie Whales, 1200

TEACHES

ends, who are about to be
us, and desire to help the
of the Salvation Army.

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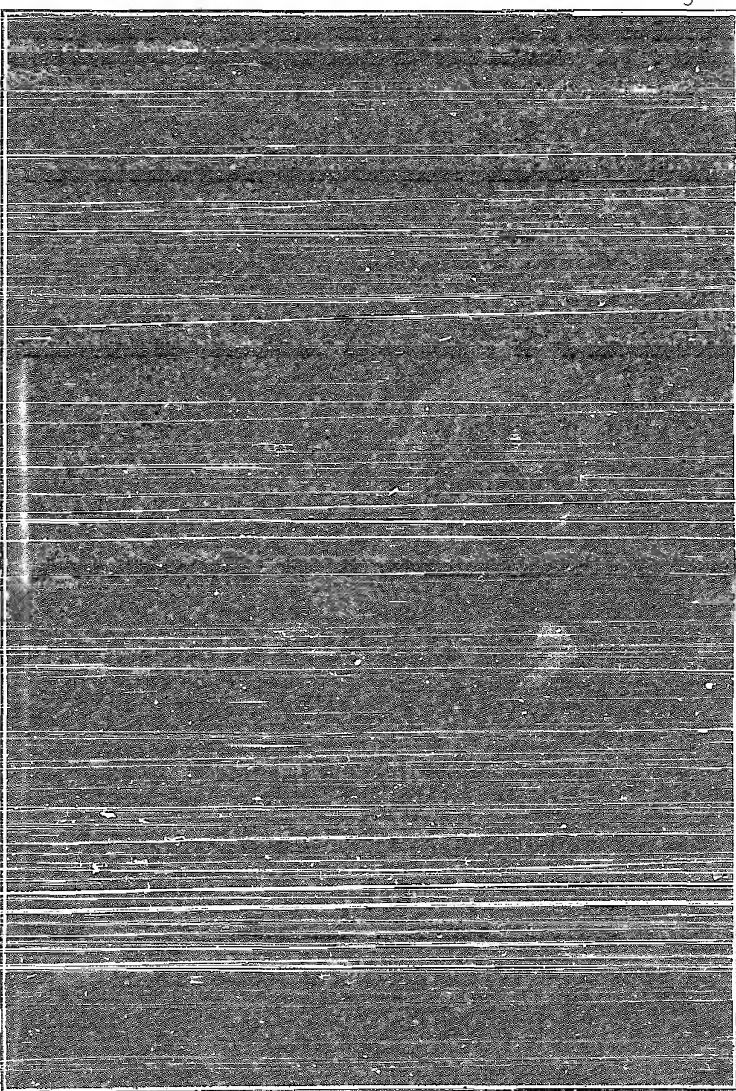
What is the rest Thou givest to the
soul?
What potent magnet draweth to the
goat?
Our souls are weary,
With their conflicts dreary,
Whose compasses have failed to point
the pole?

*It is the rest of faith, sweet trust in
Heaven;
Such is Thy victory to men still
given.
To souls full weary
With their burden dreary,
To anchor their frail boats, sore tem-
pest driven.*

*It is the rest of meekness and content;
Duty and discipline are Heav'n-sent;
So, sad smits, weary
With life's duties dreary,
Take from God's hand what He in
love hath lent.*

*It is the rest which mabel's burdens
light,
Which takes the irk from care, from
frost the blight;
And to souls, weary
With their weeping dreary,
It giveth joy-songs in the darkest
night.*

*O Christ, give Thine to us Thine
own sweet rest ;
Of all Thy precious gifts, it is the
best ;
Then souls awearry
With their failures dreary,
Shall take heart and renew their
heavenly quest.*





"PRAYING JOHNNIE."

(Continued.)

IN the public services of the sanctuary John had great influence with God in prayer. In answer to the earnest breathings of his soul a whole assembly has been moved as the trees of a wood are moved when shaken with a strong wind. A mighty shaking was felt, and a great noise heard, amongst the dry bones. The breath of Jehovah was felt, numbers among the slain were quickened, and a great army was raised up.

A strange fact connected with the history of this good man, and strikingly illustrative of his communion with God in prayer, and of the results of such communion, we shall here relate. When in Hull circuit he visited Burlington Quay, and was rendered eminently successful. When there, his home was with Mr. Stephenson, whose family was one of the most influential in the place. Their mercantile engagements were enormous; and home they carried on a considerable business, and were extensively connected with the shipping department. About the year 1835, Mr. Stephenson had a ship at sea, on a foreign and distant voyage, about the safety of which he and his family began to feel anxious. There had not been any tidings of the vessel extending over a period far beyond what they had expected. And what tended much to increase their solicitude, they had a son on board for which they feared the worst—feared that they should see him no more. At this time Mr. Oxtoby was sojourning in the family, and was painfully concerned at witnessing their anxiety. Pressed in spirit for them, and desirous to be the instrument of their relief, he fell back upon his usual and safe resort—special fasting and protracted prayer to God—in which he besought the Almighty

To Give Him an Assurance

whether the ship was really lost, or whether it would return home in safety. In his protracted prayer he clearly ascertained that the ship which had been the object of so much solicitude was not lost, but that it and the son for whose safety the family were so anxious, would, in due time, return in safety, and that all would be well. This welcome intelligence he communicated to the anxious family; and did it with as much confidence as characterized St. Paul's mind, when he uttered his noble speech to the embarrassed sailors' crew, while they drew near to the island of Malta, and, contrary to all human appearance, ascertained that not a hair of their heads should perish. But high as our brother stood in the estimation of the family, and exalted as was their opinion of his extraordinary piety, and the power and prevalence of his prayers, yet his calm and positive assertions on this subject almost exceeded the powers of their belief; and though they did not distrust them, they staggered at them. But John remained unmoved. He smiled at their doubts; reiterated his expressions of confidence; told them that God had shown him the ship "while in prayer;" that he was as certain of her safe return as if it were in the harbor then; and that when the vessel returned, though he had never seen it, excepting when revealed to him in prayer, he should know it, and could easily distinguish it from any other. Time rushed on, Mr. Oxtoby pursued his work, and the family remained anxious, till news reached them, one day, that the vessel was safe on its way home. It soon after arrived, at which time Mr. Oxtoby was ten miles distant in the country. The Stephenson family were, however, so delighted with the occurrence—with the realization of all their devoted friend had uttered—with the accomplishment of what, to them, appeared like a prediction, and from which the good man had never wavered—so, not for a moment, that a note was immediately sent for him, by which he was to return with the

least possible delay. When he reached Burlington Quay, Mr. Stephenson asked him if he should know the ship about which he had sought divine counsel, providing he could see it. "I should," said John; "God so clearly revealed it to me in prayer, that I could distinguish it among a hundred." They then walked out on the pier, and on their left were many vessels, some near and some remote, floating at anchor in the spacious bay. Among them Mr. Oxtoby looked, and exclaimed, while pointing in a certain direction, "That's the ship which God showed me while in prayer. I knew it would come home in safety, and that I should see it." We need scarcely add that in this he was correct; and that this last particular of the strange account filled Mr. Stephenson with overwhelming amazement.

A Man of Burning Zeal.

Mr. Oxtoby was likewise a man of burning zeal. During the last ten years of his life, in journeying to his appointments, he walked many thousands of miles. In family visiting, he was very regular; and has at times visited such a number in one day as would almost transcend a person's belief. While engaged in this way, his exercises in prayer and exhortation were beyond measure. He entered in at every open door, scattering life and salvation wherever he could; doing work for God, making hell to feel the influence of his exertions, snatching souls from the fangs of the enemy, and endeavoring to prevent their eternal engulfment in the abyss of woe.

Moreover, Mr. Oxtoby was in every respect a man of prayer. He arrived at that state of grace which is implied in being "strong in the Lord." His spiritual attainments and enjoyments were deep, constant, and increasing. He saw the glorious possibility of being filled with the fulness of God, and of being perfect as his Heavenly Father. He "went on to perfection." In this healthful state of soul, this entire freedom from inward evil, this power to rejoice evermore, to pray without ceasing, and in everything to give thanks, this union of the Holy One, which taught him all things, this dwelling in God and walking in the light, this ability to love God with all the heart, and to do His will on earth as it is done in heaven—in this glorious state he lived for many years. John Oxtoby is now regarded as one of the great men of Methodism. During the whole of the affliction which hastened his death he had the most glorious displays of the divine favor: he received such a baptism of the Holy Ghost that his soul was filled with peace and joy unutterable. Amidst the sinkings of mortality, the sorrowing of his friends, and his near approach to eternity, he entered the vale of death in glorious triumph.

"INSTANT IN LOVE."

"I might have said a word of cheer Before I let him go; His weary visage haunts me yet, But how could I foreknow The slightest chance would be the last. To me in mercy given? My utmost yearnings cannot send That word from earth to heaven. I might have looked the love I felt; My brother had sure need Of that for which—how any and proud— He asked the speech to plead, But self is near and self is strong, And I was blind that day. He sought within my careless eyes, And went, athirst, away. O woe and look and clasp withheld! O brother-heart, now stilled! Dear life, forever out reach! I might have warmed and filled! O talents missed and seasons lost, O'er which I mourn in vain— A waste as barren to my tears. As desert sands to rain. Ah, friend! whose eyes to-day may Love into living eyes,

Whose tone and touch, perchance, may thrill! Sad hearts with sweet surprise; Be instant, like our Lord, to love, And lavish as His grace, With light, and dew, and manna-fall, For night comes on apace."

Marian Harland.

AN UNDAUNTED BISHOP.

VALENTIN, the Emperor, a zealous Arian, went on a kind of visitation tour through his dominions, for the purpose of bringing his subjects to confess the same faith as himself; so he and his prefect came to Cesarea. The prefect sent for Basil; and, after a little altercation, he asked him if he was not ashamed to profess a different creed from that of the Emperor. Basil intimated that he thought it better to stand alone by the side of truth than with all the world on the side of falsehood. The prefect lost his patience, and began to talk of other weapons than those of argument.

"Are you not afraid to oppose me?" he said to Basil.

"Why should I fear?" said Basil; "what will happen?"

The prefect, bloated with rage, and almost choked with passion, gasped out convulsively: "Confession, banishment, torture, death!"

"Have you nothing else?" asked the undaunted bishop; "for nothing you have spoken has any effect on me. He that has nothing to lose is not afraid of confiscation; and I, a third-rate, tattered garment, and a few books, I have nothing you can take. And as to banishment, you cannot banish me; for the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof, whose stranger and pilgrim I am. And as to torture, the first stroke would kill me; and to kill me is to send me to Glory."

"No man ever spoke to me like that before," said the creation official. "Perhaps you never met with a Christian bishop before," was the reply.

A widow, one of Basil's flock, threw herself under his protection, and he risked his life to ensure her safety. The Emperor, with a body of soldiers, went to the church and demanded the sacrament at Basil's hand; and he determined to die rather than dispense the emblems of Christ's death to one who repudiated His divinity. At last, a day of clouds and storms was followed by a calm and tranquil sunset. Basil closed his eyes upon this scene of trouble, to open them upon the broken calm that slumbers on the everlasting hills.—F. J. Sherr.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

There is much in this world that is unjust, much that is harsh, much ingratitude, and all because we are not understood. The life of our neighbor, our friend, our nearest kin has its own unrevealed self. The proud heart suffers long and sorely because it refuses to unobscure its own happiness. The grandest spirits that ever lived in human form have been crushed to earth and have gone unwept, save by the blinding of their own tears, to too early graves, because, not being understood, they have been counted ungrateful and undeserving. Could we but read the book of our neighbor's heart, could we but raise the veil that hides his own secret, not to look for the skeleton but to see the soul that we misjudge, what different treatment would we give him? In place of harsh, unkind words, we would speak tenderly and lovingly. Instead of ostracizing him from our society, we would clasp him to our breast, proud of his friendship. The crust of pride, the crust of selfishness, the crust of our own selfishness, crushes out the sweetest of our own hearts, and leaves us to weep over their own loneliness. The purest diamond may be hidden by the dirt of the gutter, but it is still a pure diamond, and only requires a cleansing to reveal its beauty. The purest, noblest heart may be concealed behind the screen of adverse circumstances, and unseen because of the darkness of pride and prejudice, but it is still a pure and noble soul, and needs only the cleansing power of love to discover its true value. Oh, to be understood, to be valued because the truth of our lives, the heat of our lives, is hidden from our fellows' gaze.—William J. Duncan.

History Class.

III.—THE GERMANS.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—(Continued.)

Ferdinand, having thus gained the victory, insisted that the Church property belonging to bishops and abbots should be given up. Against this the nobles and the clergy protested, and their defence was taken up by Gustaf Adolf, King of Sweden, the noblest man and best soldier of the age, and one of the truest Christians.

He kept his army in perfect order, and would allow no plunder or violence, taking care that his men were well fed, clothed, and lodged, giving them chaplains, who read the Bible and taught them. He carried the spirit of one who hoped to win a deliverance for his religion, and he entered Pomerania, in 1630, and was amazed at his orderly army, giving it the name of the "Swedish Catholics" called him the "Swedish King" who would melt as he came toward, and Tilly marched to oppose him.

The free town of Magdeburg was Protestant. Tilly's soldiers had taken it by assault before Gustaf could come to save it. Then there was the most horrible sack ever known; while the brave soldiers murdered, robbed, drank, rioted, and burnt, more than twenty thousand human beings, and called this their reward. They drove them out at last, when only 40,000 inhabitants only 800 were left.

These atrocities horrified all the many. Many princes who had done before now joined Gustaf, and he fought a great battle at Lutzen, in 1632, and routed him completely. Tilly was the old General's first defeat of thirty battles, and it opened the way into south Germany. Marching toward Bavaria, he met Tilly again, on the banks of the Danube, and was again victorious. Tilly was killed by a shot in the leg. Gustaf would have restored Friedland, Heidelberg on condition that he would give Lutherans equal rights with the Catholics; but this he would not do, and three months later he died of a fever.

All the free towns received Gustaf joyfully, and he marched into Bavaria, while Maximilian fled to Regensburg. At Munich, the burghers received the conqueror on their knees, but he would not rise, saying, "Kneel to God, not to man." He allowed no plunder, and left the Elector's palace and many of pictures untouched. All he wanted was the cannon, and these were buried underground, and the land was all stuffed to the muzzle with pieces.

Meantime the Elector of Saxony was overrunning Bohemia, but Wallenstein had been raised to the command of an army, and he hurried the Elector back to Saxony. There Gustaf came to his help, and at Lutzen, in November, 1632, these two great generals fought a great battle. The Swedes were the victor, but it was in the midst of the fight, it was feared by the treachery of a duke. A monument, called the Young Duke Bernard of Saxony, was the cannon, and these were buried underground, and the land was all stuffed to the muzzle with pieces.

Wallenstein had gone to Bohemia, and there would obey no order sent from the Emperor or the Elector of Bavaria. When he was reported to have made all his chief officers swear to hold fast by him whatever happened. This was flat treason, some, though signing it, sent information to the Emperor, and then to him. He now began to deal with other aids, and offered to give the command of Egria up to the Protestants, and would have nothing to do with such a traitor, but the other side listened, and Egria was just about to be delivered up by Wallenstein, six Scottish and Irish officers and guards resolved to hinder the traitor by his death. Just as he had been bed, they broke into his room, and as he met them at the door he was slain at once by six halberds. (To be continued.)

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Ferdinand, having thus gained the victory, insisted that the Catholics belonging to bishoprics and abbacies should be given up. Again the protestants felt themselves aggrieved, and their defence was taken by Gustaf Adolf, King of Sweden, the noblest man and best soldier of his age, and one of the truest Christians. He kept his army in perfect order, and would allow no plunder or violence, taking care that his men should be well fed, clothed, and lodged, giving them chaplains, who read the Bible and taught them. He came in the spirit of one who hoped to win a deliverance for his religion, and he entered Pomerania in 1629, being amazed at his orderly army, and its way, and doing no harm. Catholics called him the Swedish saint, who would melt as he came toward, and Tilly marched to oppose him.

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(To be continued.)

A RACE WITH DEATH.

HARRY TRACEY'S WILD DASH FOR LIBERTY—A TRAIL OF BLOOD MARKS THE PATH OF HIS FLIGHT—AFTER TWO MONTHS' CHASE HE DIES BY HIS OWN HAND—RETRIBUTION IS SIN'S SHADOW.

ON June 9th Harry Tracey made his escape from the Oregon State Penitentiary, where he was serving a sentence of twenty years. He was accompanied by David Merrill, who was in for thirteen years. Three men were killed in this escape and one badly wounded.

The escape was made in a bold manner by shooting three guards, and after scaling the walls with a ladder, the fugitives made for the woods.

The outlaws were armed with short Winchester rifles and revolvers, which they obtained in a mysterious manner. Trained bloodhounds were secured on the following day, and the escaped prisoners were pressed so closely that they came into a town, where they held up two men and secured a buggy in which they drove away. Cornered in a blind road, they forsake the vehicle and took to the woods.

On the 11th of June the woods were surrounded by two companies of National guards and 100 citizens. On the 12th, early in the morning, the criminals broke through the line and got away in safety. Later on, they entered a home and demanded breakfast, and again entered another house for dinner, in both cases forcing the people to supply food. More troops were called out.

June 18th the search was abandoned, and the fugitives seemed to have disappeared.

June 16th, Tracey and Merrill reach-

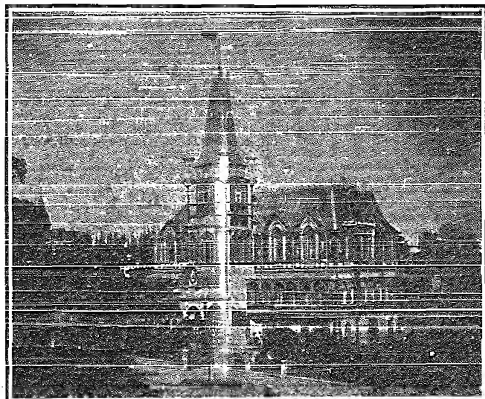
the suburbs of Seattle. He killed two men who pursued him, and wounded two others, one of whom died later. Tracey escaped with a farmer, whom he told he was one of the deputies in the search party.

July 6th, Tracey had disappeared until this date, when he took possession of the house of a farmer on an island, and spent the afternoon. At dusk he impressed a hired man to row him to the main land.

July 8th, Tracey was located in a farm house, which was surrounded by fifty men, but the outlaw escaped.

July 15th, Tracey had cut off the pursuit by sheriffs and bloodhounds when plunging in a swamp on July 9th, and successfully crossed the Cascade Mountains, also the Columbia River, appearing in Douglas County, Eastern Washington. He stayed at a farmer's, to whom he declared he would hold up an express train to secure \$5,000 for the men that helped him out of penitentiary.

On August 4th he reached the L. B. Eddy ranch, near Lake Creek, on the Washington Central Railroad, where he stayed for two days. His daring led him to allow a young man to leave the farm for the town, and in this manner his whereabouts became known. Four men, armed to the teeth, went to the farm. Tracey evaded them, but was wounded and hid in a cornfield. It



Town Hall, Georgetown, Demerara, in which Commissioner Conducted His Special Meetings Recently.

ed the Columbia River, and compelled five men to get into a stolen steam launch and take them across.

June 16th, the convicts were supposed to be surrounded by a posse of 200 men. The two criminals bound and gagged a farmer, stealing his clothes.

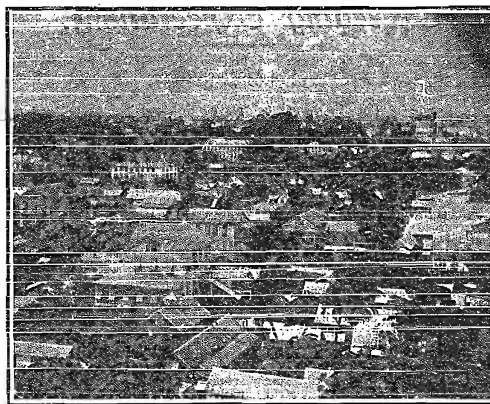
June 17th, the fleeing men got away by putting the pursuing bloodhounds off the scent by throwing red pepper across their trail.

June 18th, the search was given up by the pursuing posse. The criminals had been at a house, purchasing some provisions for one dollar.

June 28th. Not until this date was some definite information obtained as to the whereabouts of the criminals. They had broken into a house to steal clothes and food. The woods in which they hid were surrounded.

July 2nd, Tracey held up six men across the Bay of Olympia, stole a gasoline launch and made a crew of four navigate it to a point near Seattle. He left three boatmen tied hand and foot, and compelled the fourth to take him to Ballard, where he disappeared. Tracey declared he murdered Merrill, who had grown faint-hearted.

July 3rd, Tracey was discovered in



Georgetown, Demerara.

appears that an artery was severed, and being unable to staunch the flow of blood, he shot himself during the night. In the morning his body was found in the field.

So ended the scandalous career of Harry Tracey. Tracey and Merrill gained their liberty by murders, and for two months their lives must have been hell upon earth; posesses and bloodhounds were kept on their track, and every man's hand was against them. Merrill was shot in the back by Tracey, his only friend (!), and Tracey added to his long list of crimes that of suicide.

"The way of the transgressor is hard," and the devil's high wages for sin is death—death of body, death of soul, death of that which is noble, good, and desirable. And so, pursued by man-hunters, crazed with pain, without a ray of hope, in the dark of night, Tracey, with his own hand, tore his soul from the body, and flung it into a still darker eternity.

Sin is a small seed, but once it obtains foothold it grows and spreads, and the end of it all cannot be estimated.

Christ loves sinners; He died for them; He can save them. Let us proclaim it on the house-top, and let us seek, like Him, to save sinners.

MY DADDY.

"My mummy, she couldn't work the machine any more then, an' she kept on the bed all day, an' the Sisters from the Army they gave me my dinner an' washed me, an' said prayers with mummy, an' mummy cried. 'I cried 'cause she cried. An' she kissed me hard an' said, 'What will you do, baby?' The Captain said, 'We'll see after her, Mrs. George.' Then my mummy kissed the Captain

an' I set off crying. Before mummy died she held my hand an' said, 'You be a good girl, darling, an' do as the Sisters say, an' then you'll come up to heaven an' see me some day.' I went home with the Captain an' sleep in her bed that night, 'cause Jesus had called for mummy.

"When Lieutenant took me back to our room

Mummy was in the Coffin, an' they lifted me up to kiss her. Oh, her face was so cold! That was 'cause she wasn't there, you know. She'd gone away with Jesus. I heard somebody come' upstairs, an' Lieutenant she put the thing over mummy again.

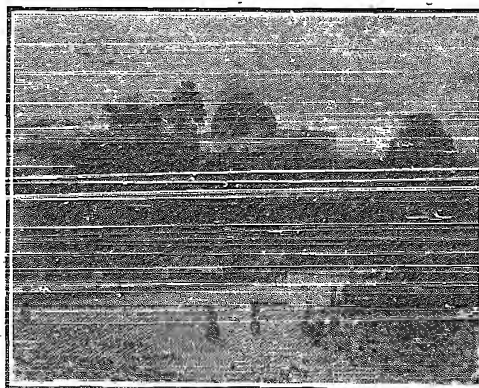
"It was Captain an' my daddy, only I didn't know it was my daddy. He went away from my mummy an' me. Mummy told me so. That's why she worked the machine an' cried, an' we lived in our room alone. My daddy's face was all white, an' he stared at the coffin an' said, 'Oh, my God! an' Christ has made her happy now.' Captain she said, 'Her God will forgive you, as she did.' My daddy he made a noise, like he was hurt inside, an' said, 'What did she die of?' Captain said, 'Of a broken heart, I think, but Christ has made her happy now.' Was you with her?' my daddy kept on. 'Yes, Captain said. My daddy said, 'Where's the child?' Lieutenant said, 'Here she is, an' pulled me out from behind 'cause I was afraid. I didn't love my daddy then. 'Where's she been?' my daddy said, an' Lieutenant said, 'With us.' So then he caught hold of Captain's hand an' shook it, an' his shoulders went up an' down, an' my daddy said.

"You are Good Women. An' they talked to him like they do in the barracks, an' my daddy knelt down to pray to be saved. He cried awful—not the way my mummy did. She used to cry tears, but he only made a crying noise. So I was sorry for him, 'cause he was my daddy, an' I cried an' loved him with my arms like I did mummy. An' he cried real all down his face when, an' kept holdin' me tight up to him, an' askin', 'O God, forgive me!' all the time.

"When he was saved, Captain let him look at my mummy, an' took me home with her. An' daddy an' me an' Captain an' Lieutenant went to bury mummy—only she wasn't really buried, 'cause she wasn't there, you know.

She Was Alive Up in Heaven.

"Then daddy took me in the train to grandmother. We live here always now, an' I go to a little school. There ain't no streets but one, an' there's lots of fields, an' I go an' buy milk—a big jugful for a penny—an' my daddy's saved, an' don't go to the public no more. When I go to bed he comes an' bears me say my prayers an' says his prayer, too. It ain't much. Not so long as my one. My daddy he says, very soft, 'O God, forgive me for leaving her mother, for Christ's sake.' I love my daddy now. He's a good daddy, an' loves me, an' my mummy she loves me, too, in heaven, only I wish she was here in this little house; but if I'm good I shall go up to heaven by-and-by, shan't I?—All the World.



Public Offices, Georgetown, Demerara.



The Devil's Blow-Outs.

By DUCKSKIN BRADY.

THAT'S a place of inland in the Big Horn Basin, between the Big Horn River and the mountains, called the Devil's Blowouts, an it is well named.

I had helped ter round up some of the most impassible country in the West, an had begun ter think that there was no place under the sun where badlands, washouts, rocky canyons, an alkali bogholes had been piled together thick enough ter corral me er head me off round-up, an I had felt for sometime that es for es personal experience was concerned that I was qualified ter take the bench as any cow-chester in the United States, when it cum down to a case of bad country by one who'd been there, an up ter the time I saw the Devil's Blowouts I'd have sent in er verdict in favor of er certain place along the Big Choyenne River where Jack Conway lost that bunch of government packs, 'way hæk in the seventies; since then I say the Devil's Blowouts agin the world, an here's ter prove it.

We hadn't been in them Blowouts morn an hour after the of man sent us in ter round em up, till we cum ter the conclusion that the devil had more 'nuff had a hand in orderin that particular place of creation, an that he had designed it as

A Sort of Man-Trap

for ketchin unfortunate cow-punchers. Two of the boys went down in er bog before we split up ter do the circle, an if it hadn't been that sum of us were quick and handy they'd been there yet.

The Devil's Blowouts is a rendezvous for all the outwyt cattle and horses for miles around. There are about seven or eight miles across in any direction, and are pretty well covered with little hills of about 150 feet in height. These little hills are so near the same heit and shape that yer ken hardly tell one from another.

The general lay of the country is level, so that ter look across the hills from the top they have the appearance of an old-fashioned hay meadow, all puched an ready for the stockyard. Not one hill in the hull track that will serve as land-mark, or point fer observation. So, if by chance yer should git lost, there is not one single point yer ken fasten yer eye on that will guide yer out. You'd simply be lost in a sea of hills, an this isn't the worst, either, cause the valleys between the hills er completely cut up by badlands, washouts, rocky canyons, an alkali bogholes that'll swamp er saddle-blanket.

One time an Irishman, in writn ter his brother in the Old Country about the West, said, "Say, Pat, I tell yer this country is all level but the hills, an they say it's level under them, too." Well, the Devil's Blowouts er just like that, only different—instead of the country bein "all level under the hills, too," it's all level on top of the hills too, or that is the top of the hills is the levellest part.

The hull Blowouts is covered with trails. Trails in every canyon, trails around every hill, trails across every flat, trails runnin together from every direction like the threads of a spider's web; trails, trails, trails, till you couldn't tell one from another. No matter in which way you travel you'll find er trail going that way too, and yet there's only one trail in the hull blowouts that will guide the alkali bogs, clear the canyons an lead yer out, an it runs straight across from north ter south. If yer git off this trail yer lost, an if yer any distance in the Blowouts yer done, because

Once Yer Git Bewildered

yer might cross the straight trail 100 times and not know it, if yer have no one ter tell yer. No use of climbing er hill ter take points, fer they are all the same heit an shape an all look alike. All yer ken see is hill arter hill runnin away in all directions, with impassible canyons between. Worse than bein lost on the desert.

Take a trail. Yer find a well-beaten, well-defined trail, runnin round the hill ter the right. It looks fer all the world

like the straight trail, but in a few minutes it brings you up ter the brink of an awful canyon. One more step an yer'll be dashed in pieces on the rocks beyow. As yer looks across yer see the trail continued on the opposite side, but the great canyon is between. An as yer git down on yer knees ter peer over the edge, in the hope of finding some way across, yer notice how deep it is; an when yer think what er fall over its edge would mean yer git short an hurry away. Soon yer strikes another trail goin straight down the valley parallel with the canyon. It turns ter the right, leads yer around er narrow shelf, lets yer down over sum slidin rock, around sum great giant boulders, down inter the canyon below, an yer begin ter think yer have found the cressin, an that yer on the straight trail fer sure, an yer start ter find yer way out at the other side, but everywhere yer go yer find a great impassible wall of rock, an yer turn back time after time, till finally yer reach the same trail as brought yer in. Then yer notice for the first time that it is a great basin, an that the trail has been made by stock travelin up an down to an from water. Yer obliged ter go out at the same place as yer went in, an yer make up yer mind that yer straight trail wouldn't bring yer back ter the startin point quite so quick, an so yer dodge the big boulders, creep back over the sliding rock an round the narrow shelf. You'd give most anything ter find the straight trail as crosses all the canyons and leads out. Soon yer find another trail that seems ter start off straight, an looks so like the one yer huntin that yer heart grows lighter an lighter till yer find yer self almost singin in yer belief that yer on the right track. But stop!

The Trail Suddenly Disappears

in the earth not ten feet ahead. Just comes ter a sudden stop right before yer face.

What does it mean?

There is no turning to right or left. The trail apparently loses itself right in the solid earth. As yer look around yer notice that er some distance the ground's covered with a white substance, an ther yer know yer right on the very verge of an alkali bog. If yer push yer horse off the end of that trail it will be good-bye Chicago, fer sure.

Why?

Because it is no bottom, an one plunge in it will fill yer eyes, nose, an mouth with pure alkali mud almost as thin as wat, an strong enough ter strangle an blind yer in just one plunge, an if there is no one ter toss yer a rope, nothin less'n er miracle 'll save yer.

Er ye in the Devil's Blowouts now? Let me tell yer, you can't help yer self because yer lost, an lost in the worst place on earth; so jest stop where yer are an keep callin "I'm lost! O mister, I'm lost!" an some one ridin the straight trail 'll hear yer an guide yer to it. An once yer strikes it, never turn ter the right or left till ye have left the Devil's Blowouts so fer bein that yer'll never see um agin in this world or the next.

Yes, I reckon I'm about as well qualified ter take the bench as any cow-chester yer ken skeer up, when it comes down ter renderin a verdict in er case of badlands, washouts, alkali bogs, etc., by one who's been there. An I'm inclined ter think that this wouldn't be such a bad world after all if the Blowouts were the only badlands the devil could sneak up. Come ter consider it, I'm of the opinion that the devil has some worse places in this world than them Blowouts, though I never was there.

Whenever I see a man actin the hypocrite or er snubbin his neighbor, the devil's got him in a basin of morn four walls. How'll he ever git out?

Liab to Fall Any Minute.

Whenever I see a man actin the hypocrite or er snubbin his neighbor, the devil's got him in a basin of morn four walls. How'll he ever git out?

Whenever I see a man hangin on

ter a whiskey bottle with one hand an tryin ter balance himself between God an the world with the other, he's jumped his horse off the end of the trail, an if he don't git help pretty soon he's lost; an there's morn one can goin down in this same bog every day. Are you one of them? Are you in the devil's badlands at all? Have yer lost the straight trail? Are yer lookin fer it? Are yer callin, "I'm lost! I'm lost!" If yer are, jest stop where yer are till we point yer out.

It don't matter how many rocky canyons yer've fallen over, er how many times the devil has corraled yer in a basin of morn four walls, er how many times you've been swamped in alkali bogs, if you're still looking fer er way out, an cryin, "I'm lost, I'm lost!" heaven must fall but we will show yer the straight trail! It don't matter if yer in such a jumble of trails as a man in the Devil's Blowouts, there is one that 'll take yer straight out, an it is the only one that 'll cross the rocky canyons, avoid the alkali bogs, an take yer out.

It is a land mark, a light, a way.

Will you take it?

Christ says, "Look unto Me, and be saved; I am the light of life, I am the way." See! Out you come!

A WORK TO BE DONE.

There is work to be done in this world of ours.

This world of sorrow and sin; There is work for the hands, with their wonderful powers, A work for the spirit within.

There is work for the boggar and work for the prince, There is work for the old and the young, The merchant with millions, the cripple with pence,

The learned with pen and with tongue, The statesman, the newshoy, the preacher, the nurse,

May work with their head, or their hand, or their purse, Physicians, and printers, and all, In kitchen, or workshop, or hall.

There is work in the by-ways and alleys at home,

Where suffering and want hold their throne; There is work far away 'mid the thousands who roam,

Where the blist lamp of life never shone.

There are tears to be dried, there are wounds to be healed, Earth's wrongs and oppressions redressed,

Faint hearts to be cheered, and proud brows made to yield, And a sin-stricken world to be blessed.

There are fatherless babes to be nurtured and fed, And the brow of old age to be soothed;

The wayward and erring to Christ to be led, And the pillow of pain to be smothered.

Then rouse thee, my soul, to thy labor away, Since life for this mission is given; Like Jesus, thy Master, while yet it is day,

Work the will of thy Father in heaven.

Go forth in the morning, at noon, or at night,

Seek the dwelling of ages and of youth; For'th to uproot with the plow-shares of light,

And scatter the bright seeds of truth.

Bring hope to the fainting and joy to the sad, And Christ to the penitent soul;

Fill earth with rejoicing, bid deserts be glad, And streams through the wilderness roll.

—Y. H. Bozeman.

Many a small engine has a big whistle.

THE SWEETEST THING IN THE WORLD.

Life is a hard business to the majority of men and women. If it is true, as we are told, that existence in this world is a probation for "some better thing" in another, to many it is so stern a one that they doubt sometimes whether the reward will be worth the toil, and struggle, and pain. The sad are always with us. Though we may build our palaces of art, we cannot shut our eyes to the tears of things, nor dull our ears so that we hear not the "cry of the human" and the beat of weary feet along the dusty highways of life.

"Does not the road wind up-hill all the way?"

Yes, to the end."

But it is not the great sorrows of life, the tragedies of human heart-break, which alone makes up the sum of human pain. A man will face some heavy calamity, some great crisis, with a calm front, and yet shrink from the petty cares, the every-day tempests and vexations which try the temper and irritate the nerves. He needs to be a hero to carry cheerfully the small burdens of life just as much as he who must stand in the front rank and bear the brunt of the battle, and dare great things before the public gaze.

But the Gospel of Christ, which has given us "the greatest thing in the world," has also given us the sweetest thing in the world. If love be lord of life, its gracious handiwork, sympathy, is the sweetener of life's daily cup. When, in Olive Schreiner's allegory, "The Lost Joy," Love and Life lose the laughing, radiant child which is born of their meeting, a little softened stranger comes to comfort them, and with a hand in the hand of each, walks between them through the darkness and over the rough road—"a grave, secret, tender thing—warm in the coldest snows, brave in the dreariest deserts. . . Sympathy." And it is this which God, who sets us in families, and gives us sweet home relationships, intends should help each of us on life's journey. This which would we only cultivate it even as a gardener the choicest blossom in his garden—would take from our daily lives half their pain and sting, and fill this hard, working world of ours with love and sweetness.

The memory of a smile lingers like mellow evening sunshine; the echo of a loving word is heard long after the voice which spoke it has grown silent; the fragrance of a kind deed never passes away. But how rare is this beautiful virtue. It costs so little to lend a sympathizing ear, to speak a sympathetic word, but how often we fail to do either. A want of insight and imagination is the cause of much of the selfishness and self-absorption of men and women. And so there are natures starving for a little love around us, and human hearts break close beside us, and we never guess it. Oftentimes, only God knows the secret tragedies of the brave silent ones.

And, did we but know it, we miss the heat in life by our neglect of those powers of sympathy with our fellows which are given to everyone. "Those who bring sunshine into the lives of others, can never keep it from themselves." No law of diminishing returns operates here; expenditure of this kind of wealth only yields large and ever-increasing profits. It is the "heart at leisure from itself" which, as the great poet, Wordsworth, has said, "sets many of the wise and clever, and witty things we once heard, but never the sympathetic word which fell as balm on our wounded spirit, the kindly deed which love prompted and which cheered us in our dark hours. For sympathy is but another word for love; it is the perfect love.—G. L. Plekworth.

"I thank God," said the Pharisee, "that I am not as other men." "Oh, I don't know," replied the lady. "You seem to be like a good many of them. I saw you occupying a seat in a car last night when there were lots of women standing."



Our SOLDIERS' PAGE

Daily Readings.

"Sit ye here, while I go and pray for you."—Matt. xxvi. 36.

SUNDAY. These were the words of Jesus. Pericles, the great Athenian statesman, never began to address an audience without praying to the gods. Cornelius Scipio, the great Roman general, never undertook any affairs of importance without having passed some time alone in the Temple of Jupiter. "The best and the noblest action," says Plato, "that a virtuous man can perform, and that which will most promote his success in life, is to live, by vows and prayers, in continual intercourse with the gods; nay, all who would not with due consideration ought, before beginning any undertaking, great or small, to call upon God."

"If by any means I . . . might save some of them."—**MONDAY.** Rom. xi. 14. A man was travelling over an Alpine pass. He went over the glaciers, sinking in the snow with each step upward, until he was a weary, high on the summit of the pass a desire to sleep overcame him. He could hardly put one foot before another. Just as he was almost sinking down into the sleep which would have become the sleep of death to him, he struck his foot against an obstacle, which proved to be the body of a traveler who had preceded him. He bent down, found that the heart had not ceased to beat, and began at once to rub the frozen limbs and to do his best to reanimate the body. His efforts were successful. He saved the man's life, and a life the effort banded his own desire to sleep, and so saved his own life in saving another. Activity on behalf of the souls of others is one of the surest means of preserving divine life in our own souls.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."—Mark. i. 14.

The Duke of Wellington was once talking to a minister, who was unfriendly to foreign missions, on account of their unproductiveness, and the great amount of work to be done at home. Fastening his eyes on the grumbler, Wellington quoted the words of Christ: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," adding, with an emphasis which impressed every word on his hearer, "There, sir, are your marching orders." The statesman and soldier had learned this lesson—that it was not the business of the subordinate to question the wisdom of the superior; it was not the business of the leader to let a foolish hope even to argue the rectitude of failure or the advantages of victory, but simply to receive orders and obey them.

"And their words seemed to them as idle tales, and they believed them not."—St. Luke. xvi. 11.

An old lady in a western village in America, seeing the telegraph poles and wires arranged along the road, remarked incredulously, "They tell me that thing carries a message a hundred miles in no time at all; but I don't believe it, and never will!" One day there came to her a message by telegraph, saying, "Your son is ill; come immediately." When she heard that the "wires" brought it, and that it was dated only an hour before it was placed in her hands, she insisted that it was only a cruel hoax, and obstinately remained at home. In

two or three days she got a letter, with the painful announcement, "Your son has just breathed his last. Oh, how he longed to see his mother! We telegraphed you to come; and had you set out as soon as the message was received you would have been in time to see him alive." Alas! the folly of refusing to believe what we do not fully understand.

"Even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye."—Col. iii. 13.

THURSDAY. 13. Nothing is harder to forgive than a false and malicious wrong—a wrong done to us in a matter where we know we are right. Sir Eardley Wilmot was an English baronet, widely known as a leader in social life, and a man of great personal dignity and force of character. Having been a distinguished Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, he was often consulted by friends as to perplexing social questions. On one occasion a statesman came to him in great excitement over an injury just inflicted on him. He told the story with warmth, and used strong words in describing the malice which had inflicted the wrong. "Is not my indignation righteous?" he asked impetuously. "Will it not be mainly to resent such a falsehood and injury?" "Yes," was the calm reply. "It will be mainly—manlike—to resent it. But it will be Godlike to forgive it." The answer was so unexpected and convincing that the statesman had not another word to say. He afterwards told a friend that Sir Eardley Wilmot's words caused his anger to suddenly depart, leaving him a different and a better man.



Evolution of the Salvation Army



Early Sufferers.

Unfurl salvation's standard, and follow through the strife,
Our noble Army thus shall win the martyr's crown of life.
Our ancestors dared die for truth, and braved the fire's glow,
How can we let the standard fall, and yield it to the foe?

The year 1838 found our work advancing in public estimation, whilst God gave to our comrades some staunch friends, and helped them to win their way to public esteem and confidence. Day by day the Canadian people were becoming more convinced, not only of their sincerity and the purity of their motives, but also the reality and necessity of the Army's existence as a power for good in the land. Yet, from the increase of the Territory, the new faces with which they came in contact, and the ground approached where the Army was not known, and, above all, the desperate efforts of that power of evil, the year 1837 was equally marked for the vigor of the opposition as for the brilliancy of the advance.

Every engine that a crafty and witty foe could bring against the Army was brought to the front; every device to impede that could be concocted in hell, and which the devil could persuade his dupes to put into execution was relentlessly thrown in the path of our comrades to deter them from duty, or persuade them to give up the struggle.

The New Year was only eleven days old when Capt. Wiggins and Cadet Bell were jailed at Brockville, for singing upon the streets.

The judges, however, ended the persecution, and our officers were conscious of having glorified God by an imprisonment which the highest courts pronounced illegal and unjust.

Major Glover, now in command of Java, was arrested at Walkerton for

"Then opened He their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures."—**FRIDAY.** Luke xxiv. 45. Christ, the Son of God. We must have a spirit of wisdom and revelation given us before we can attain to the knowledge of what and what Christ, our Lord, is. Like a sundial which has the circle correctly divided and the figures correctly placed and marked, and the index exactly fixed—still you look at it in vain to tell the hour of day until the bright sunshine of heaven falls upon it. Even so in vain do you read and study the Holy Scriptures, as the High Priest must often have done, till a light shines upon them from above, or till God's Spirit shines into your hearts to give the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

"Honor shall uphold the humble in spirit."—Prov. xxi. 23.

SATURDAY. At Plymouth there is a narrow ledge of rock, just wide enough for the small feet of a goat to walk upon. On each side there is a deep chasm. On this ledge it happened that two goats met. There was no room for them to pass each other, or to turn round. The one was so must fall and be dashed to pieces on the rocks below. Many people heard them, but none could give them help. The goats stood face to face for a long time. At last one was seen to kneel and crutch down as close as it could lie upon the ground, and the other walked over him, and so both were saved. What a splendid example of giving way and so keeping peace!

CANADA—(Continued.)

holding an open-air meeting, but was released on promising to answer a charge which was never preferred against him. Just about this time Lieut. Hodges was sent to jail at Chesham, for ten days, for holding an open-air meeting, which sentence was gladly endured for the sake of God and precious souls.

It was not only by the violence and imprisonment to the bodies of our officers that the enemy sought to hinder our work, but attacks upon property were, from time to time, resorted to.

Incidents of Early Fighting.

"Fighting, fighting, on the narrow way;
The way may be rough, and the fighting tough,
But we shall win the day."

Said a minister to the writer one day on the cars, "Your people are always in the fight, you know, and that's what makes them hardy." This was a very true and a very common-sense remark: our people are continually in the fight, and, thank God, that makes and keeps them hardy. It is not possible to imagine a life more crowded with incident, or more varied in its experiences, than the life of a Salvationist, and what is the capital of the individual officer or soldier, is intensified in the daily varied scenes and shadows of the fighting existence of a District, a Province, a country, or the Army at large. There is a great temptation in starting to write an account of the incidents connected with a fight or a battle-ground, to lift the veil a little and show to the world something of that inner life which is the moving power and principle of the Salvation War. It would not be an uninteresting picture for the world to look upon, if it could be taken away from itself and put into the inner circle for a time, and could feel a little of the warmth and glow of that electric current which

binds and blends our beloved Army into a great compact whole. "There is a charm," said a medical man one day, "in the society of your officers that I do not see elsewhere, and I can only attribute it to what I might call a oneness of principle." "What, what the principle?" the doctor asked. "Well, it seems to me," says, "the principle of being straight, keeping right, and of getting straight, one else right." We don't know if the good doctor had written it down, if he could have more clearly expressed our principle and our aim. Two lives that are lived for a common object must necessarily be drawn together, and it is a grand, common object that has drawn from all nations and peoples and languages and colors, individual souls and hearts and lives together, and that object is nothing less noble, nor less grand, than the object of the world's salvation.

It is this common object, then, that moves the whole machinery, it is the object and nothing short of this object that prompts the self-sacrifice, the devotion, and the daily efforts, the separate heroisms, which day by day make up the incidents of the war. For various reasons we shall not attempt to chronicle all the deeds of moral heroism and Christian charity that have gone to make up our history of the early days of the Army in the Territory: the patience, the long-suffering, the water of affliction, the watching, the fastings, the wrestlings for souls are inscribed up in the hearts of thousands who in this land have watched and been edified day by day with the spectacle, and if it were not so, are they not written in the chronicles of God's record, that they will not be forgotten in the day when the rewards and decorations are distributed to His troops.

But great as the temptation may be, we must be content with glancing very briefly at some of the more remarkable incidents that have made the history of the S. A.

The first incident that occurs to our mind was that wonderful gathering of saved drunkards in Toronto, that was, perhaps, never till then had the Army had been recognized as the mighty instrument it really is for the redeeming of inebriates. The testimonies that were then given to the effects of salvation and the reality of the power of the grace of God, not only to keep drunkards sober, but to destroy the very appetite itself, awakened in a way perhaps never equalled, all thinking men as to the real cause for the nation's besotted sin. And many names of note from that time became enrolled among the staunchest friends. Indeed, we do not know but what that demonstration laid the foundation of that bulwark of public respect which has grown around us from that early date to the present.

(To be continued.)

OFFICERS WANTED!

It is no use singing, "I will follow Thee, my Saviour," or professing to prevent your body a living shield unto the Lord who ought you, and you back up your profession by doing the Lord wholeheartedly. What would you think of a servant who, while heading you with fatherly saving nice things about you, deduced to do those duties which relieved your hands in moments of necessity?

Christ is wounded in the house of His professed friends. Will you be by Him? He is despised and rejected of men. Will you dare to stand up and preach Him? He is forsaken by many who have grieved His Spirit, putting their hand to the Gospel plough and looking back. Will you take up their former work, and come to His assistance? If so, you will now.

Letter

LETTER

My Dear
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Letters from the General

TO THE SOLDIERS OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

ABOUT BEING SAVED.

LETTER NO. 4.—"THE FORGIVENESS OF SIN".—I.

My Dear Comrades,—

What a wonderful theme this salvation is of which I am writing to you! I feel it so. My own heart is full of wonder and astonishment at the wisdom and mercy of God as I write. Indeed, the more I contemplate it, the more I feel it is impossible to tell you half the glory and blessedness of His grace. I remember some curious lines, in which an old poet describes the love of God, and what he says of that love might, with equal truth, be written of this great salvation—

"Could I with ink the ocean fill,
Were every blade of grass a quill,
Were the whole sky of parchment made,

And every man a scribe by trade,
To write the love of God on high,
Would drain that ocean dry—
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretched from sky to sky."

Now, you will remember that I closed my last letter with a list of the more particular blessings which, taken together, may be said to make up salvation. I propose to say something to you on each of these topics, taking them in the order in which I have placed them. I do not say that I am going to do all this tonight, nor do I promise to follow on with them week by week; but I do propose to dwell a little on them as I have time and opportunity.

The first in order is "The Forgiveness of Sin," and are anything more important or interesting? Let us look at it thoughtfully.

What is Sin?

And first I must ask what we are to understand by sin. Upon that subject there seem to be so many mistaken notions abroad. Some think that to sin you must be guilty of some vulgar or shameful vice. They seem to imagine that it does not matter how you treat God if you don't deny His existence or blaspheme His holy name. That it does not matter how you treat your neighbor if you do not rob him of his property or damage his person. That it does not matter how you treat yourself if you don't actually lay hands on your own life.

By this, I mean that many people seem to think that God won't call them to account for these small evils, as they call them, if they stop short of the blacker and more avowed transgressions of laws, both human and divine. You can be proud, and selfish, and revengeful, and idle and untruthful, and inebriate, and I know not what, and in their idea it need not interfere with your respectability before men and your acceptance with God. But if you are a murderer, or a thief, or an adulterer, or a drunkard, when they will put you down as an awful sinner, deserving of the terrible judgments of God, both here and hereafter, and say that "you should go to the Salvation Army."

Now, I need not tell you how grossly false these notions are. You know it already as well as I know it myself. "What a man thinketh in his heart, that is he."

But I will try to make the truth about sin plainer still, by asking information from those who understand the question a long way better than I do myself. Of whom shall we inquire? We will ask the Apostle John. He understood the matter.

"John, will you please tell us what is sin?" Now listen to his answer. John says in his first letter, when he is largely filled up with this subject, and which you will do well to carefully read over and over again, "Sin is the transgression of the law."

"But of what law?" Jesus Christ Himself has answered that question. When the lawyer asked Him, "Which is the great commandment?" the Saviour replied, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength, with all thy might, and with all thy intellect, unto the Lord thy God."

This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets. So that is the law, and we are all under obligation to keep it: it is the law of love.

Is not that a beautiful arrangement? Sometimes you will hear people say, "We don't like being driven to duty by the hope of reward, or the fear of punishment. Don't talk to us, then, we will say, 'about death and the judgment of hell, as incentives to religion. We like to do things from a sense of duty, prompted only by the spirit of love.'"

That is just God's plan, my comrades, both for you and for me. He wills that we should keep His commandments because we love Him. He wills that we should follow Jesus Christ because we love Him. He wills that we should do all the good we can to our comrades and neighbors because we love them. He wills that we should toil and fight for poor sinners because we love them. That is God's plan, or law, as it is called.

say again, that when men don't act out God's plan they go contrary to the law of love, and then they sin.

But John has another explanation of sin that appears to be simpler still. He says, "All unrighteousness is sin," but I cannot dwell on it, and besides, it really needs little explanation. By unrighteousness God means anything that is not right; that is, anything that is wrong. So that whatever course of conduct God, by His Word or Spirit, or by His servants, or by your own conscience, makes you see and feel to be wrong, to you that course of conduct is sin.

Now, I do hope I have made this plain to you, my comrades, if it was not plain before. Clear ideas on the subject are necessary to your understanding so much in the plan of salvation. It is like the A B C in reading. You all know how poorly you may get along if you were not clear in the knowledge of your alphabet. You would always be making mistakes, and I am sure if you don't see distinctly what sin is, and how closely it is connected with your experience and work, you will be more or less confused in all that has to do with religion.

But I have not done yet with the subject. If you are to understand how great a blessing God's forgiveness is you must also see something of the great evil of sin.

There are many ugly things in this universe, but sin is the ugliest of them all. It is the root out of which all

the other evil things upon the earth have grown. Looked at every way you choose, it is as bad as bad can be.

Sin is bad, because it is not what God intended. It is not in His plan. It is against His purposes towards our world, and, therefore, it hurts His feelings. He hates it; it is every day and hour a pain to Him.

Sin is bad, because it makes so much misery. Look abroad, my comrades, and see this world of broken hearts, and squandered fortunes, and desolate homes, and ruined reputations, and dying men and women, and half-damned souls, and then remember that all this desolation and distress are the results of sin.

Sin is bad, because it leads to hell. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God."

But of this painful, yet still important aspect of the case, I cannot say more to-night. Another time, perhaps, it may come in for a word. But may I not ask you a question here. Do you not think that sin is a dreadful thing?

Whether regarded as the transgression of that beautiful law of love which came from the great heart of your Heavenly Father, or in full view of all the misery with which it has cursed this poor world of ours; whether remembered while kneeling before the blessed Saviour whom it brought down from heaven and nailed to the accursed tree, or while standing on the dark cliffs that overlook the ocean of wrath, listening to the cries of the numberless souls it has plunged into the pit, we can only come to one conclusion, and that is that sin is a terrible, a dreadful thing.

I hope all reading this letter are not only forgiven, but cleansed from every particle of this cruel thing, and that they are doing what in them lies to pull the poor sinners about them out of the fire.

I WILL TRUST HIM.

By CAPT. MEikle.

"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."—Joh xiii. 16.

Though He slay me, yet I'll trust Him,
Firm my confidence in God;
Deeply-rooted, sure foundation,
Resting on His precious word.

Bills of high may rise around me,
Doubts and fears oppress my soul,
Yet I'll trust in Him who saved me,
Sanctified and made me whole.

Though He slay me, yet I'll trust Him,
Words at times we hard to say,
Still I find in Him who called me,
Grace sufficient day by day.

Jesus leads me, I will follow,
Follow na though dark the way;
Through the conflict He will guide me
To the realms of endless day.

HOLINESS.

The secret of all spiritual success is holiness. Never let us lose sight of this fact. As it was necessary for the early disciples to tarry at Jerusalem for the power of the Holy Spirit, so it is necessary for us, if we would let God use us for His glory and the salvation of precious souls. "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" That is the all-important question, and the answer is, "Have you not?" There is nothing you have but what, by carelessness, you may not lose. It is an argument to say that because a man has no gold sovereigns he never had any. Alas! how many of our own comrades have lost the spirit of the war, and are drifting on the downward track, like King Saul after his one act of disobedience. Let us examine ourselves. We are either nearer God or further away from Him than we were this time last year. There is no standstill in the spiritual life. It is half the battle to know where you are, and what you need. The Holy Spirit has promised to be our teacher.

The briefest second that comes and goes is the meeting-place of two eternities.

Bible Readings from Jamaica.

** RUTH'S RESOLUTION. **

You have read the story of Ruth in the book called after her name. But the Ruth I'm writing of now is another type of the same.

She was born in Orthodox Rut, a street in the City of Creed. And her mother like Naomi, was a widow, often in need. "I must go," she would sometimes say, "and seek a more suitable clinic." But her friends would quickly reply, "it would certainly be a crime; to leave your denomination for another is wrong," they said. "Against each social tradition, for the spiritually dead." So she fretted a bit, but still, the direction given by God. Persistently pointed her out the pathway her Master had trod.

Then her neighbors spoke of her health, and they said that they thought it best:

For one so distressed in this life to patiently wait, and to rest—"You're not to be religious enough, but it is religion inclined. In Dorcas or in abbas School class some work quite congenial you'll find." With similar religious advice Naomi was never now poor. But the small voice of God within continued to worry her more.

When Ruth herself wished for a change, the devil was viciously vexed: Since arguments had to be changed his highness was somewhat perplexed.

Said he (through a Christian, of course), "A promising lassie like you should dress in the style of the day, and wait for a promising beau; No matter if 'not converted'; if wealthy he can't be too old; With faith in the power of your love, you'll make him religious, if cold."

Then Naomi whispered to Ruth, "Do you wish to be left, my dear? The road of a sinner is rough, and the way of the cross is drear." But Ruth, with the tears in her eyes, said, "Do not entreat me to stay; Think not of my feelings or fears; think not of what others may say, For whether you go I will go: your people shall my people be; Your God my God, and may they choose to bury you 'longside of me.'" So they went, Naomi and Ruth, from the path their fathers had trod. (Though they hardly knew it themselves), to glean in the garden of God; They really went "without the camp" to bear the reproaches that fall on those who're out-and-out for Christ, and have truly given up all.

How did they go? Well a meeting, as they passed through Vanity Fair, Was held by the Salvation Army in the midst of the muckers there; With a drum, a flag, some soldiers, who, of course, wore their uniform, They sang, clapped their hands and shouted, till they raised a spiritual storm.

Somewhat like Christian and Puff-blow, who gave that historic reply—"To the Fancy Bazaar, my dear, now, gentlemen, what will you buy?" it is worth repeating over, for, needless of trinkets or toys, They lifted their eyes to heaven, as if they were viewing its joys—Then they answered, "we buy the truth!" as they followed the narrow track.

But the men of the Fan were mad, and cursed them for not turning back. But I am somewhat distressing—the meeting went on, I am told, Till the Captain warned the others to be neither lukewarm nor cold. But to enter me ring and tell what a miracle had been done, So that the words might touch some heart, and bring home a prodigal son.

It was then that Ruth felt condemned, and Naomi held down her head—"We've never been told or taught to speak for the Lord," they said. But they felt they should speak out now, no matter what any would say, So they obeyed, and gleaned for wheat, in a Salvation Army way.

This was the start, but later on, when Major Boaz came to the lead A great revival broke out, their eyes were opened to the need; And, as with many in the work, the need was call to service grand; Soul-saving work—the harvest home—such as but few can understand. To-day their God-appointed place is brightened by two hearts that beat With love to Him and love to man, determined never to retreat.

—Adjutant Phillips.



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GAZETTE.

Appointments—

ADJUTANT DESBRISAY, Hamilton, Ont., Corps and District, to Bracebridge Corps and District.

ENSIGN SABINE, Hamilton, Bermuda, to St. George's, Bermuda.

ENSIGN HOWCROFT, furlough, to Tilsonburg, Ont.

ENSIGN HALEY, furlough, to Dresden, Ont.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, Commissioner.



Harvesting.

Harvest Festival is at our doorstep. All around us we see the fields being reaped of whatever grain or vegetable may have been sown there. Vineyard and orchard are showing abundant evidence of a good crop. Now is our time to again press home to everybody the great unchanging truth, that a man largely reaps what he sows. Wind and weather, sunshine and rain, do their share towards making or marving the harvest, but even these become subservient to the observant and industrious farmer, while they become fatal to the slouchy and careless husbandman. So in our own lives we must be watchful of seasons, and by the good counsel of God, seek to improve our time. The fields of humanity are ripe for the harvester's sickle. Who will be a useful reaper?

Peace Following War.

The evidences of peace are becoming stronger every day. Blockhouses in South Africa are becoming the play grounds for children; wire netting, used to entangle and entrap the enemy, is used to fence in and protect farms. Fields which were the barren grounds for camps and battles are ploughed and prepared for cultivation again, and the most prominent of leaders in war on the British and Boer sides are meeting together in friendly intercourse. Army barracks and Social Institutions closed during the war are reopened, and we pray that an era of unbroken peace may wipe out or soften the ugly scars left by the late war on hearts and homes, and that the recently-opposed nations may be cemented together by the bonds of Christian charity. The Army will not be wasting in doing its share in this effort.

The third batch of one hundred children has gone to the Oakville Camp for two weeks' holidays. The second lot didn't like to leave at all. The Camp is doing excellently. Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Creighton, Adj. Ferry, and Miss Fryer (the nurse), are managing everything to perfection.



Canadian Cuttings.

The Canadian Northern Railway carried 5,000,000 bushels of last year's western grain, and expects to nearly double that amount this year.

The Dominion Iron and Steel Company have received an order from the Consolidated Gas Company of New York for 23,000 tons of coke.

Six hundred lady school teachers, under the control of the Roman Catholic Committee of Public Instruction, have attended a convention at Quebec.

The Toronto Biscuit and Confectionery Company's establishment on Front street east was damaged by fire to the extent of \$60,000 or \$70,000.

Mr. A. F. Hawkesworth, of Montreal, Manager of the Merchants' Cotton Company, says: "Cheap labor in the old country and the preferred tariff is killing the white cotton manufacturing industry of Canada."

There is a lock-out at the Dominion Organ Company's works at Bowmanville. About 125 men are out.

Stocks of anthracite coal all over eastern Canada and the United States are pretty well exhausted.

Large orders for pure-bred live stock are being received from British Columbia and the Territories.

Five Directors of the Dominion Colonization Company were sentenced at Montreal for conducting a lottery. The manager was sent to jail for three months, and the others fined \$100 each.

Work has commenced cleaning up the old Hudson Bay Railway grade, and the Canadian Northern will build the line to Oak Point, Lake Manitoba.

The Scotch machinists at the Kingston Locomotive Works have received notice of expulsion from the union from New York. They say the headquarters of their society is in England and their secretary there knew the circumstances before they left.

British Briefs.

A new gold reef of considerable extent is reported to have been discovered in South Africa.

Queen Alexandra presented medals to the nurses, doctors, and men of the Imperial Yeomanry Hospital Service.

One of the British Trade Commissioners who have been examining conditions in South Africa says all trade there is hampered by trusts and combines.

The British Post Office had 10,000,000 undelivered letters last year, and \$3,375,000 was found in them.

The choir which sang at the coronation of the King in Westminster Abbey, sailed from Liverpool to make a tour of the United States and Canada.

South Wales Miners' Federation has adopted a recommendation that the federation district contribute \$50,000 to assist the striking miners in the United States.

The British Admiralty has decided to establish permanent schools in home ports for naval cadets. The old warship Nelson will be stationed at Portsmouth for this purpose.

Earl Cadogan has been retired from the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland.

The new Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, Earl Dudley, has been sworn in.

Rear Admiral Douglas, with seven British warships, has arrived at St. John's, Nfld., to discuss the French shore question.

The Boer Generals, Botha, DeWet, and Delarey, were received by the King on the royal yacht at Cowes.

Labor is much in demand for the South African mines. It is said that the mines are nearly 200,000 workmen short.

U. S. Shipings.

Anthracite coal is now \$3 a ton in New York.

The coal strike will probably be settled this month.

Ten thousand agents and office employees will lose their positions through the amalgamation of harvest companies in the United States.

A special session of the United States Senate will probably be held in November to ratify a reciprocity treaty with Cuba.

Policemen Timothy Devine and Charles T. Pennell, of Chicago, were shot and killed in a battle with a gang of robbers.

United States capitalists will build a \$500,000 hotel in Winnipeg.

Several large herds of cattle are coming into Alberta and Assiniboia from the United States.

International Items.

French peasants, in defence of the religious schools, have decided to use bees in fighting the gendarmes.

A thousand people were drowned by floods in Kwangsi Province, China.

The Kaiser Wilhelm II., said to be the largest and fastest passenger ship in the world, was launched at Stettin.

Several Anarchists of Madrid have been arrested, charged with plotting to assassinate M. Delcasse, French Minister of Foreign Affairs.

The Mexican City of Atlatla, on the Pacific Coast, has been destroyed by a tidal wave, and at least 30 people drowned. Other places suffered severely.

Cold weather has so injured the wheat crop in Germany that considerable imports will be required to produce a good quality of flour. The sugar beet crop of Hungary has also grown rank from excessive rains.

The Viceroy of Szechuan, China, reports the imperial troops attacked the rebel headquarters at Inchow, on August 12th. One thousand rebels were killed, and their leader, Tong Yu Hung, was captured and executed.

The Boer Generals went to Brussels for the funeral of General Lucas Meyer. Numerous crowds viewed the embalmed body. It will be taken to South Africa.

Members of the religious orders expelled from France, especially sisters, are applying to the Vatican authorities for permission to settle in the United States.

A report is current in the highest official circles that the Czar has seriously expressed to his intimate counselors a desire to abdicate in favor of his brother, Grand Duke Tharavitch Michael Alexandrovitch.

The Y. M. C. A. World's Congress has opened at Christiania.

A volcanic eruption overwhelmed the little Japanese island of Torishima, and all its 150 inhabitants have been killed, as well as the entire village covered with debris.

The Parliament of Cape Colony met on Aug. 20th, for the first time since October 19th, 1900.

NOTORIOUS CRIMINAL SAVED.

McMaster Wandered in a Salvation Barracks at Windsor.

Windsor, Aug. 16.—With the police of two countries looking for him, and a reward of \$500 upon his head, James J. McMaster, alias Harrison, wandered into the barracks of the Salvation Army here last night, and threw himself upon the bench in the rear of the hall. When the meeting began Harrison listened intently to all that was said, and when converts were called

for he came forward to the platform, tears streaming down his cheeks, and on his knees he prayed for forgiveness for a life of crime. He declares his willingness to return to Cincinnati without extradition to answer a charge of robbery, and an official from that city will arrive here to-day to take the willing prisoner in charge. After his release Harrison declares he will identify himself with the Salvation Army, and will give up his old life for ever.—Toronto News.

Territorial Newslets.

The General is coming. You know that, but it is wise to remind you of it, that you may not forget to plan at once to be present at his meeting.

Harvest Festival is coming, too, and will soon be here. We have had a steady increase in the amount raised ever since there has been an S. A. Harvest Festival in Canada, and this year will not be an exception. "The celestial" is our motto.

Visitors to the annual meetings to Toronto will find the height of the Temple increased by one story—the outcome of absolutely required work for the expanding Printing and Engraving Department.

Adj. Adams, otherwise known as the "Duke of Watford," rejoices with his better half a brand-new boy.

The same happy event took place in the home of Adj. and Mrs. Bala, in charge of Lisgar Street, only it was a girl.

Adj. and Mrs. Burrows, of Lippincott, also now number three. The additional member is a boy. All three Juniors arrived within a week. Sincere congratulations to all concerned.

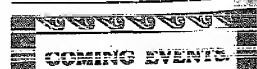
Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Stanton are busy with the preparations for the second session of Cadets, which will begin on Sept. 1st. The number of Cadets expected is between sixty and eighty. Past accommodation was insufficient, which compelled the Staff-Captain to rent another house close by the present premises until the new Central Training Home is erected.

Work on the new building to be known as the Territorial Training Home, has begun this week, and from all appearances the edifice will be ready by New Year's for occupation. We shall, at an early date, give illustrations and detailed description of the new structure.

Major Collier informed the Editor that so far fifty-seven tickets of admission for the next session of the Training Home have been issued, and there are yet a few more to be given out.

Several of the Provincial Officers have written to say they cordially expect to reach their M. F. targets.

Major and Mrs. Evans and their little daughter, late of New Zealand, are staying a few days in Toronto, on their way to England.



COMING EVENTS.

COLONEL and MRS. JACOB

assisted by

STAFF-CAPT. and MRS. STANTON

with Fifty Cadets,

Will visit The Temple,

Sunday, September 1st

Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin

Will visit Lisgar St. Sun. and Mon. September 1st and 15.



The General is in very good health, the battlefield exceptionally busy, besides having before him.

As a natural result of the recent campaign the Foreign Office is a centre of anti-territorial leaders clamouring for reform in which but they have shoulders pret other.

Commissioners first few days' elen Office with the Foreign Secretary that, although time in his career does—that is, the spirit with which he is collected by his way, and he has the hope of progress of his stewart Howard when

Commissioners heavy send-off Mrs. Howard entirely, where meetings were ranged.

The Chalk hit upon a plan for an enjoyable evening, consisting of a forty-eight, ending at the magnificent height

Seventy-thirty on month.

Thirty-one meals were Cheap Food weeks.

Our Leeds cheap lodging house, and Bristol,

A homeless man has been a year, was snatched by morning, and to God.

Last month for the honor of our Men's country. One thousand of the same th

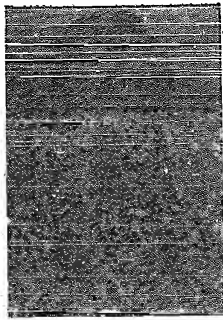


Great Britain.

The General is, we are glad to report, in very good health. Although not on the battlefield this week, he is exceptionally busy with many matters, besides having a big literary agenda before him.

As a natural sequel to the General's recent campaigns on the Continent, the Foreign Office has this week been a centre of animation. Several Territorial leaders have not been exactly clamoring for corners of the Department in which to despatch their mails. But they have certainly been rubbing shoulders pretty closely with each other.

Commissioner Pollard has had his first few days' experience in the Foreign Office without the presence of the Foreign Secretary, and he informs me that, although it is not the first time in his career that he feels as he does—that is, quite submerged—yet the spirit with which he has been received by his comrades has given him the hope of presenting a good account of his stewardship to Commissioner Howard when he returns.



Commissioner Howard.

Commissioner Howard received a hearty send-off on Wednesday night. Mrs. Howard will visit Denmark presently, where she will take part in meetings which are now being arranged.

The Chalk Farm Band (London) has hit upon a splendid way of combining an enjoyable holiday with a soul-saving musical tour. The band numbers forty-eight, and they left for a tour ending at Glasgow. They had a magnificent beginning.

Seventy-three men professed salvation in our Blackfriars Shelter last month.

Thirty-one thousand nine hundred meals were sold at our Provincial Cheap Food bars during the past four weeks.

Our Leeds institution provided 4,650 cheap lodgings for homeless men during the past month; Bradford, 4,216; and Bristol, 3,478.

A homeless, friendless fellow, who has been a tramp for no less than six years, was directed to Blackfriars Shelter by a policeman last Sunday morning, and there gave his heart to God.

Last month \$2,444 cheap lodgings for the homeless were provided by our Men's Social institutions in this country. One hundred and ninety-nine thousand cheap meals were sold in the same time.

A German, who was destitute and utterly ignorant of our language, got converted to one of our London institutions last week. He was given employment in an Army Shelter, and is now in communication with his relatives in the Fatherland.

United States.

The Commander is visiting the Pacific Coast corps, calling at the Army's colony at Fort Amity en route.

The Commander is booked to visit Asbury Park, Sunday August 24. The Auditorium has been secured and all arrangements are under way for a great day of salvation by the sea. Lieut-Colonel Gifford and Staff and the National Staff Band will support the Commander on this occasion.

Capt. Clements, of Baltimore alums, has the privilege, every Sunday, of conducting a meeting among the 750 prisoners in the Baltimore breadwell.

A twelve-days' Swedish camp meeting, on Belmont Hill, Worcester, Mass., has just been concluded. A glorious revival has broken out at the camp. Five thousand people attended the meetings, and fifty-two souls came to Jesus. A great number of these joined the corps—Worcester III. The Holy Ghost has been working in a most marvelous way.

The paragraph of recognition of the Commander's recent visit to the Ohio State Penitentiary, in the Ohio Penitentiary News, the little four-page prison weekly, runs:

"The delightful visit and splendid address of Commander Booth-Tucker, of the Salvation Army, to the prison will long be remembered. At that time the Commander expressed his gratification with the good singing of the prison choir and the enthusiastic playing of the prison concert band. As a further testimonial, Commander Booth-Tucker has just sent to the chaplain, from New York, a donation of six bound copies of Salvation Army music for band instruments. Thanks to the Commander!"

In a communication from Colonel Holland, Mr. E. E. Hen y, Land Surveyor and Civil Engineer, of Chicago, says: "I talked many times with my beloved commander, General Rutherford B. Hayes (late ex-President), about this work, and, like General Benjamin Harrison, he always thought it one of the greatest organizations for important, true Christian work. If not too great a trouble, if you will please give me any information about your colony, I shall be greatly obliged."

Some interesting cases were converted at San Francisco II hall during the past week. A man who had not entered a church for thirty years had come to the city to have his eyes doctored. He attended several meetings at the corps, and finally came forward in a Sunday night meeting and gave his heart to God. He now marches and testifies, and sits on the platform.

Colonel Horton took seven hundred children and poor mothers to Island Park, near Chicago, and is also arranging for a series of smaller outings each week during the remainder of the summer.

Pittsburg also had its outing for poor children and mothers, and in addition started a Penny Ice Wagon.

The Consul has decided to hold a united soldiers' meeting in the Memorial Hall on Thursday, Aug. 28th.

Lieut-Colonel and Mrs. Margetts have gone to the National Centre, and are going to look after the interests of the Junior War.

Brigadier and Mrs. Stillwell succeeded Lieut Colonel Margetts in the North-West Province, and leave for Minneapolis at once.

Proposed police restrictions of Army meetings at Ionia, Mich., are novel, if nothing else. The officials of that town are endeavoring to secure the closing of our meetings at 10 p.m. This certainly does not sound much like religious liberty.

South Africa.

Commissioner Kibbey and his Chief Secretary, have returned, via Cape Town, from a visit to the diamond fields. The Commissioner will next visit Natal.

The Commissioner and Chief Secretary had the unique experience of traveling to Mafeking in the very first train which went through after the withdrawal of the soldiers from the blockhouses. Some of the miniature forts were already transformed into play-houses for Kaffir children.

The Labor Yard in Cape Town is now practically finished. It is a great improvement on the old establishment, which will be a great boon to the unemployed in the future.

Arrangements are completed for the despatch of the Native Party to England. Major Smith provided three Zulus, and Ensign Soul provided another lad from the Ulundi Location. Staff-Capt. Clark has been chosen to command the party, and he is bent on doing a good thing in the interests of our native operations. The Staff-Captain speaks English and Dutch, and has a very fair knowledge of the Kaffir language.

Once more Major Lotz scores heavily in the interests of the Social Farm. This time it is at the East London Foultry Show. The Major went up there last week, taking with him a good selection of fowls and pigeons from Rondebosch. We have just heard that the Major's prize list is as follows: 1 Gold Medal; 1 Silver Cup (21 guineas); 6 Special Prizes; 11 First Prizes; 17 Second Prizes.

Australia.

Mr. Roe, the police magistrate of Perth, is a great believer in the methods the Army has adopted in dealing with the lawless. "If you cannot help her, no one can," he remarked a few weeks ago, when a young girl, aged 15, was charged before him with jactancy. The plaintiff, a Chinaman, was quite delighted when she was handed over to our care. "Me no press the charge; she go with Salvation Army; they good people; they help her to do right." Her poor old father, away in his country home, sorrowing over his erring daughter, wrote a few days previously, "There is a great favor I wish to beg of you. I have a daughter who is mixed up with bad characters. I want you to save her from further disgrace." Poor old man, he is now rejoicing that she is safe with the Army.

A poor woman, not having money to pay her rent, was turned out on the street with her six children (baby three weeks old) and her few belongings at 9 a.m. She had not a crumb of crust of bread. She walked all day, returning in the evening to find her little ones still sitting where she left them, not one of the neighbors having offered them a bite of food. Not one word of complaint crossed her lips. "God was good; He was giving her health and strength again." In this sorrowful plight the Salvation Army found her, and lo! no time in providing for her needs and those of her children. All are now well cared for.

Commissioner and Mrs. McKie are touring in North Queensland with

marked results. Many souls were saved and sanctified. At Maryborough the Commissioner and Mrs. McKie conducted a meeting with the German residents in their native tongue.

The Army has lost a warm friend in Mr. G. Leake, late Premier of West Australia, who died recently from an attack of pneumonia.

The Commissioner's heart is bent on reaping the very most for God and the Army during the coming revival season. There is to be three months' organized and sustained effort for pushing in a pronounced way all Salvation Army operations.

The Army's printing, the stereotyping, bookbinding, and stitching plant, together with Major Osborne, the Printing Secretary, and his men, are now transferred to the new and commodious building in Albert Street, two minutes' walk from the Territorial Headquarters. Telephonic communication is being established between the two buildings.

The promotion of a old editorial colleague, Staff-Captain Ordier, to the rank of Major, has been hailed with genuine pleasure, not only in the editorial "den," at the Territorial Headquarters, but also among many of his old field comrades.

The latest changes of importance include the transfer of Major and Mrs. Evans, of the Wellington Division (N.Z.), to England. We are sure they will be missed by hundreds of loving comrades among whom they have worked.

Switzerland.

For the last six months Switzerland has been an independent Salvation Army Territory. Commissioners Booth-Heilberg have taken charge, and have received a splendid welcome right throughout the Territory. Since their arrival there has been quite a breath of new life, and some glorious happenings have taken place.

In addition to their own visits, the Commissioners organized campaigns lasting several days in various corps, assisted by the Staff and Field Officers. The last campaign at Geneva, in the great hall of the Casino, was successful and blessed. Each night there was an increase in the congregations, and souls got saved.

One Training Home session is about closed, the twenty-one Cadets being at present on a tour amongst the various corps; and another session, with twenty-five Cadets, will shortly commence.

The health of the officers has not been forgotten, and a large House of Rest has just been taken near Interlaken, where officers on furlough will find fresh strength for the battle's front.

The General's visit, in March, to Nanchatel, Tramelan, Bern, Bale, and Zurich, was a great help. Persons from all classes of the population came to hear the General, and in some of the meetings a large number came in the penitent form to seek salvation and holiness.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Any person who sees the whole world going wrong is doubtless looking out from a perverted medium of gazing at some counterfeit. Look not into a muddy pool to see us sun, when in all his glory he shines in the sky. Think pleasant thoughts; speak cheerful words; look on the bright side of things. The darkest cloud has a silver lining. "Night brings out the stars." God and the universe want to make you happy. J. N. Fradenburg.



Short and Sweet.

Bay Roberts, Nfld.—We rejoice over two souls won for God. All the officers in the District have been here for councils and a special meeting. Our motto is, "Onward to victory."—Lieut. Barry.

A Hard Worker.

Black Island, Nfld.—On Thursday evening, while working at the barracks I heard a voice calling loudly, "Hallelujah!" I stopped work and looked, and, behold, I saw Ensign Barry, our new D.O., coming over to give us a visit. He came unexpectedly, but not unwelcomed. We were delighted to see him, especially when he took hold of the piano and hammer and worked with all his might. The chattering soon fell off the edge of the board. The Ensign is a hard-working man, and the hardest work for him is doing nothing. He led two powerful meetings during his stay, during which we all were blessed.—J. Downey, Capt.

Four Souls at Brockville.

Brockville.—Since our last report we have had victory. Although everything seemed hard during the last week, and the people appeared careless about their own souls, thank God we made a break in the devil's ranks on Sunday night, when four precious souls sought and found salvation. We are still believing for greater things.—Frances J. White.

Eight Souls and Two Farewells.

Durk's Falls.—Since last report eight souls have knelt at the cross—a four for salvation and four for a clean heart. Our motto is, "The world for Christ." Soldiers are all on fire for God, and, oh, how it does bless us to see the way they pitch in and help, and hold on to God for souls! We are very sorry to report that Capt. Matthews, who has labored so faithfully with us for the last thirteen months, is saying good-bye and leaving us. Words cannot express how we each one will miss our much-loved Captain. By her godly life and example, she has made a place in every heart, both saved and unsaved. Tuesday night we had the farewell meeting at the outpost, Eli. It was a beautiful meeting, building full, and although none yielded, yet conviction seemed stamped on many faces, and our hearts were made glad when several, after meeting, asked an interest in our prayers. At the close of the meeting a vote of thanks was tendered to Capt. Matthews and her former assistant, Lieut. Mosher (now Captain at North Bay), for their faithful labors. It spoke of the high esteem in which they were held, and the unanimous vote touched our hearts, and to God we give all the glory. At the final farewell, on Tuesday, a large number were present, and many were the testimonies saying what a help and blessing Capt. Matthews had been to them. With God's help we are going in for victory through the blood of Jesus.—Lieut. C. L. Jones.

Ten Souls in a Busy Season.

Catalina, Nfld.—Since last report ten precious souls have been found kneeling at the mercy seat, and have found pardon through the blood. Many others have felt their need of salvation. We are in for souls. During the last few weeks more have had to leave the meetings deeply convicted of their sins, but were not yet yielded to the Spirit of God. It is a very busy time in the season for our people at Catalina, but they try to put in a little time for the Master, and God has honored their labors.—Sydney Sainsbury, Capt.

Jesus Answers Prayer.

Clark's Beach, Nfld.—We have had splendid meetings all day Sunday. The knee-drill was a time of refreshing in the presence of the Lord. We

sang, "Jesus will answer prayer," in faith. In the night meeting the heavenly gales began to blow with the opening song, and it blew so hard that it swept two souls into the fountain. Praise God! We are in for victory.—J. Wiseman, Capt.

"Push on, Comrades, In the Battle."

Cohours.—We are having beautiful meetings and God is blessing us abundantly. Capt. and Mrs. Tudge, I believe, are going to be a great help and blessing to us while in our midst. We have had back with us an old friend, Lieut. Rutledge, and we were all delighted to see him once more. May the Lord bless him. We mean to go on and push along the good work of God.—One who is going to be led by Jesus, R. C.

Two Wanderers Come Home.

Elliston, Nfld.—It is quite a while since the readers of the War Cry have heard from this part of the battlefield, but our colors are still flying. Sunday was a blessed day, and at night we rejoiced over two wanderers coming back to the fold—one, a backslider, declared his intentions to live for God. Our soldiers know how to work in a Sunday night's meeting.—Lieut. L. Ridout.

The Strike is Over.

Fernie, B.C.—Thank God that in spite of many obstacles, caused by the miners' strike, we are still in the ring. Hallelujah! We rejoice to know that everything is settled as far as the strike is concerned. Oh, that men would only be as careful not to submit to the devil's poor wages. Our work has been handicapped quite a lot for the last three or four weeks, on account of the strike, and the warm weather has made our barracks very bare. Our open-air have also suffered, as our comrades have been attending to the Miners' Union meetings to discuss the strike. "Victory" is our motto in spite of it all. We are expecting Ensign Sheard very soon.—W. H. Rowlands, Lieut.

Could you please publish the song, "Think of Jesus" (music by Commissioner Eva Booth), with the 1st verse, "I am anxious to know it. I mean, of course, in the War Cry God bless you.—W. H. Rowlands, Lieut.

A Week of Victory.

Fortune, Nfld.—We can report another glorious week of meetings. We had a grand time on Friday night, a real pentecostal time with thirteen souls for holiness and one for salvation. The Captain was just going to

read the lesson when one young man came out. We turned the meeting into a prayer meeting, and soon had the pentecost form fixed. A real good hallelujah wind-up finished the day. On Sunday Capt. Hildes spoke on the Judgment Day. We finished a good day with one soul in the fountain. Our crowds, despite the fact that most of the men are at the fishery, are excellent. Many of our late converts take their stand boldly for God and the Army.—Spectator.

The Blind Organist.

Hamilton, Ber.—"Our colors still are flying, and we never will give in." Wednesday night last we had a special meeting entitled, "The man who spoiled the music." In spite of the severe heat we had a good crowd, and the collection was also good. The comrades from St. George's helped with all their hearts to make the meeting successful. Some of the Juniors from St. George's took part also. Brother Taylor, the blind bandsman, from St. George's, performed on the organ. Everybody listened attentively, while Ensign Sabine read the story clear and plain. She was assisted by Adj. Graham, as it took nearly two hours to go through the service. Our open-air meetings are not behind. On Sunday afternoon we took our stand on Salvation Hill; the devil was also present, but we had the victory—one soul came out. The meeting at night was also good, in spite of a heavy shower just a few minutes before eight o'clock. Bert-Major and Mrs. Smith favored us with a duet, accompanied by his guitar, which was enjoyed by all. The Ensign spoke on, "Because I have called and ye have refused." We closed about 10 p.m., feeling that a good day's work had been put in for the Master.—A Soldier.

Unexpected Reinforcement.

Houlton, Me.—Souls for the Kingdom, we are pleased to say, is the outcome of the last week's fight, for which we praise God. Sunday evening during our open-air meeting, a reverend gentleman who was on his way to church stepped into our ring and concluded to worship with us, saying he wanted to be wherever God's children were endeavoring to reach the lost. While there was nothing about the man's dress that resembled S. A. uniform, yet his heart was in line with the Saviour's work, and his appeal to his fellow-men and women was very effective. Several other strangers who were listening also gave their testimony to God's saving power. God is keeping His soldiers fighting.—Mac, Lieut.

Sent Two Officers into the Field.

Lewiston, Idaho.—We are sorry to report Cadet Yore's farewell after three months' hard fighting. The Cadet leaves many friends in Lewiston. During his stay here many souls have found the Saviour in the Army barracks. He has the credit of leading a brother and sister into the fold, who both were converted under his hands. Mrs. B. M. Sumpter, who has been ill with typhoid fever for the past thirty days, is now gaining strength.—S. J. Sumpter.

A Good Start.

Minot, N.D.—I am pleased to report victory. I have been here a little over a week and have enrolled one soldier under the dear old flag for God and seen two souls come to the fountain. One of these was an old man of 75 years, and another had been a backslider. Finances are fair, and we have good open-air.—Lieut. Geo. Karas.

Five Live Converts.

Neepawa, Man.—God has blessed a very much. Sunday's meetings were real good, and five souls sought and found Christ. Our new converts are all testifying to the saving and healing power of God. We believe Capt. Miron and Lieut. Hunt are the best people in the right place. Look out for next week's report.—Cor.

Toronto's Oldest Corps.

Old Number One.—The weekend meetings at this corps were held for some time. By request we went to an unfamiliar street corner on Friday afternoon. As the singing and speaking went on the people on the doorsteps could be seen weeping on account of their sins. It was reported that we should sing, "Shall we gather at the river?" which meant the song seemed to have great effect. Captain's subject at night was entitled, "Disappointed." Many people wept and one soul came to God with a broken heart. The hour of the times are very encouraging.—Geo. Morris.

Keeping the Flag Flying.

Sackville.—Although crowds and collections are down on the decrease in consequence of the hot weather, yet our flag is kept continually unfurled. Ensign Piercy was with us on Tuesday night with a lantern service, subject, "Set free to serve." He stayed until Thursday, assisted in Wednesday's meeting, which was led by Ensign and Mrs. Cooper of Springhill. One recruit was enrolled under the blood-stained banner. Capt. Hatch, who has been with us for the past six weeks, visited by a Lieutenant, is ordered to Bermuda. We will be sorry to lose her, as she has proved a great blessing to the corps during her stay here.—C. G. Palmer, C.O.

Looking for Souls at Every Meeting.

Simcoe.—God has been wonderfully blessing us during the past two weeks. We have not had any souls since the camp left, but we are looking for results. On Sunday night we had a grand meeting. The Spirit of God was wonderfully manifested, and a number were under deep conviction. Capt. Howard spoke very powerfully from the Word of God. Our faith in the promise given to those who get their bread upon the water.

All Round the World in One Night.

St. George's, Ber., for Jesus, is the motto in our barracks, and one over one soul on Sunday night. The corps visited Hamilton on Wednesday to give a service of song, and we had a most happy time. The Hamiltonians were pleased to see us, and gave us a hearty welcome and a good-off at the finish. In the past meetings the people are faithfully dealt with by the Captain, and the

in the open-air. On Monday officers from Hamilton were to aid in a national memorial service given on the occasion anniversary of the Armistice. Various countries sent out the platform, Japan, Canada, India, the United States, and England. S. M. Smith, our corps, represented the Army, and dressed as an Indian. He spoke of the work of the Army. The N. A. Indians, introduced the story of Jim Hansen. The activities of the other countries the work going on there and graphic style, the introduction of statistics only serving to the truth of what by no means making it a To sum it all up briefly, we that the Army was progressing, that great things were being done from small beginnings, and Army meant to push on to the world. We are losing this week. He has been for a long time and is not England. God bless him. C. follow him.—S. N. Church.

Angels and Devils.

St. Stephen, N. B.—On a great crowd thronged the streets, of which advantage by holding three. One drunk, who had no throw on the drum-head, we jump on it from the side of damage was avoided. He said and professed to get saved penitent form. Sunday was very impressive. People all hall were in tears, and some held up their hands to be on Monday evening was the "Availing Rock of Ages" representing angels man streets, also the worldly along the sidewalk and a dollar bill in the collection open-air. The meeting in went off fine. The children the supervision of J. S. S. M. took the first part of the with solos, recitations, etc. and Mrs. Dule acted the which was afterwards exp. Ensign Thompson to a verence. All appeared to be the meeting, and nearly all the ice-cream social after, little sum was netted. On our D. O. Ensign Williams on his farewell tour. The down so fast and hard that thought it impossible to do, but we got through with it and had a fine crowd inside sign is a great work. He was listened to with respect. We are in for giving the a real soldier's welcome.—

Children's Entertainment.

Triton, Nfld.—On Thursday had a very interesting meeting about forty children sat on form. The program was the children went through very nicely, without being sleepy. The singing, recitations, and drills were enjoyed very much. Parents and children were and at the close of the tiny little girl who went the different drills in a splendid a prize.—One who was

Off to the Klondike.

Vancouver.—Basking in the shine of God's love. Since we have had the pleasure two more souls seek and Saviour, for which we praise God. The Klondike contingent, sons of Adj. and Mrs. Ke Ensign Williams, were with good morning meeting on the of their embarkation for the Klondike. Allen, who has been a worker in connection with work here for several months, will be the party. We have these success in the glorious work of the Klondike, and gold fields of the Klondike. We also welcome amongst Stevens, who has come to the of the work here. We believe Lord is going to make both her able assistant. Capt. C. blessing to Vancouver.—H.

Better a fair failure than success.

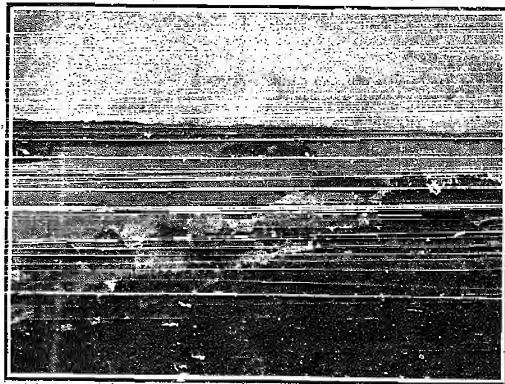


Illustration of a large crowd of people gathered outdoors, possibly for a religious service or event.

in the open-air. On Monday night the officers from Hamilton were with us to aid in a nationality meeting, which was given on the occasion of the 5th anniversary of the Army in St. George's. Various countries were represented on the platform—Germany, Japan, Canada, India, the N.W. T., and England. S. M. Smith, of Hamilton corps, represented the N.W. T., and dressed as an Indian chief. He spoke of the work of the Army among the N. A. Indians, introducing the story of Jim Hansen. The representatives of the other countries spoke of the work going on there in a brief and graphic style, the introduction of statistics only serving to impress one with the truth of what was said, by no means making it a dry lecture. To sum it all up briefly, we gathered that the Army was progressing in all lands, that great things had sprung from small beginnings, and that the Army meant to push on round the world. We are losing Bro. Astill this week. He has been in hospital for a long time, and is now going to England. God bless him. Our prayers follow him.—S. N. Church.

Angela and Dede.

St. Stephen, N. B.—On Saturday evening great crowds of people thronged the streets, of which we took advantage by holding three open-air. One drunk, who had no money to throw on the drum-head, was going to jump on it from the side walk, but the damage was averted. He came inside and professed to get saved at the penitential form. Sunday was a fine day. Afternoon and night meetings were very impressive. People all over the hall were in tears, and some of them held up their hands to be prayed for. Monday evening was announced as the "Avaling Rock of Ages." Those representing angels marched the streets, also the worldly dude walked along the sidewalk and gave a two-dollar bill in the collection at the open-air. The meeting in the hall went off fine. The children, under the supervision of J. S. S. M. Mitchell, took the first part of the meeting, with solos, recitations, etc., and Mr. and Mrs. Dede acted the worldly part, which was afterwards explained by Eusebia Thompson to a very fine audience. All appeared to be pleased with the meeting, and nearly all stayed for the ice-cream social afterwards. A good little sum was raised. On Wednesday our D. O. Eusebia Williams, was here on his farewell tour. The rain came down so fast and hard that we almost thought it impossible to do anything, but we got through with the open-air and had a fine crowd inside. The Eusebia is a great worker. His address was listened to with great attention. We are in for giving the new D. O. a real border-line welcome.—G. F. I.

Children's Entertainment.

Triton, N.B.—On Thursday night we had a very interesting meeting, when about forty children sat on the platform. The program was long, but the children went through their parts very nicely, without being tired or sleepy. The singing, recitations, and drills were enjoyed very much. Both parents and children were delighted, and at the close of the meeting a tiny little girl who went through the different drills in a splendid way received a prize.—One who was present.

On to the Klondike.

Vancouver—Basking in the sunshine of God's love. Since last report we have had the pleasure of seeing two more souls seek and find the Saviour, for which we praise God. The Klondike contingent, in the persons of Adjt. and Mrs. Kenway and Eusebia Hellman, were with us for a good raising meeting on the evening of our consecration for the North. Capt. Allen, who has been a faithful worker in connection with the Social work here for several months, also sailed with the party. We predict for them success in the grand and glorious work of the Master in the far-away, cold gold fields of the Yukon. We also welcome aboard us Adjt. Stevens, who has come to take charge of the work here. We believe that Lord is going to make both her and her able assistant, Capt. Charlton, a blessing to Vancouver.—H. N. M. N.

Better a fair failure than a false success.

W. O. P. CAMP BRIGADE AT DRESDEN.

The Camp Brigade, under the command of Staff-Capt. Rawling, arrived from London on July 30th. We were billed to start our meetings in the tent on Wednesday night, but owing to some failure to make proper connections, our tent and baggage did not arrive until the next day, and here again another difficulty presented itself. Owing to recent heavy rains the grounds on which the tent was to be pitched, were completely swamped with water. However, our energetic Chancellor soon secured another place and the tents were put up.

The meetings during the week were very well attended, and the Brigade was reinforced by the D. O. Adjt. McHarg. Saturday evening Major McMillan and the Cashier arrived from London, where the Major had been busy all day in the office.

Sunday's battle commenced at 7 a.m. knee-drill, where we got our souls refreshed. At eleven o'clock a nice crowd assembled for holiness meeting. The meeting was indeed a heart-searching time, and twelve came for-

Capt. Young, from East Ontario, who is on furlough up this way, the troops from Wallaceburg and Chatham, with the Chatham brass band.

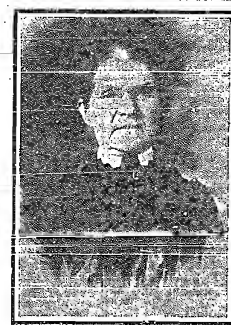
The weather cleared up nicely, and Sunday was fine. The early-morning knee-drill was well attended, one comrade, with his wife, driving four miles to be present. Needless to say, they got blessed.

There were about 100 present at holiness meeting. God's power was felt and four came forward for the blessing of a clean heart.

The afternoon meeting was a record-breaker. Talk of crowds, why, almost half the town must have been there. The meeting was an old-fashioned free-and-easy, and was greatly enjoyed by those present.

The meeting Sunday night was equally well attended. The Major's subject was, "The backslider," and as the Holy Spirit backed the words home to the hearts of many they were convicted, and three sought and found Christ.

Monday night our final meeting was held in the barracks, as the tents had been taken down and packed up that we might get an early start next day for our next appointment. The bar-



Mother Johnston, Woodstock, N.B.

persuade the "fair ones" to remain there longer, and a rather limp-looking party, carrying sundry mysterious bundles, set out for the quarters, which they reached about two o'clock in the morning. A scouting party turned out, and search was made, but the intruder, real or imaginary, is still at large.—Amo Dies.

FROM BRAHMINISM TO CHRISTIANITY.

Some years ago a Brahmin named Gangadharan lived in North India, where there is a sacred place which takes the name from the temple of the idol of Jagannath. This man, having implicit belief in Jagannath as a god, worshipped his image continually. One day he bought a little book treating on Christianity, and read it. His anger rose when he found it stated that all idolatry was sinful and un-servicable, and that Jagannath was not a god. His anger, however, by degrees gave way to doubt, by reason of the arguments given in the book. He read it again, and prayed that God would show him what was right.

His doubts increased, and were followed by deep sadness and reflections on the grace and sufferings of Christ Jesus, the moribund "guru" (priest). Being much disturbed in mind, he resolved on purchasing the ramrod of a gun. Sharpening the point at one end, he walked for night fall, went silently into the temple and sat down immediately behind Jagannath; and, though filled with fear and bathed in perspiration, thrust the sharp end of the rod into the image, with a view to test the power of Jagannath. Seeing that nothing evil resulted from this bold act, he ran round the idol striking and stabbing it repeatedly until he was perfectly convinced it was nothing but a block.

He issued forth from the temple, accepted Christ as his Saviour, publicly avowed his faith in Him, and subsequently became a preacher of the Lord Jesus Christ, bringing large numbers of his countrymen to the feet of Christ.

HOPE IN THE ETERNAL.

We are pilgrims marching through a land which, so far as we are concerned, has been unexplored. Surprises, dangers, and difficulties are before us, and we know not what shall be on the morrow. But the future will have no fears for us if our hope is in the Eternal. Following the guidance of His hand, we shall be prepared to meet whatever may come of sorrow or difficulty in a spirit of calmness and submission. The Eternal God is the pilgrim's refuge, and following onwards, not by sight but by faith, we will find our home at last in the haven of His infinite love.—Rev. M. McNeil.

We all of us complain of the shortness of time, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Much of our lives are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing that we ought to do; we are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them.

COMING

HARVEST FESTIVAL

THE GENERAL

ANNUAL COUNCILS

ward for sanctification. The afternoon and night meetings were times of victory. The tent was packed, and many stood around the sides.

Sunday night Capt. Thompson and Brother Duncan bid farewell to the troops. Owing to home circumstances Capt. Thompson was compelled to go back to Wallaceburg. We were also very sorry to part with Bro. Duncan, the "Hallelujah Schoolmaster," who has been a good assistant with his songs and music. We pray that God may make these comrades powers for good in their respective corps.

The meetings were somewhat hindered during the week owing to the heavy rain. On Saturday afternoon a salvation meeting was conducted for the Juniors. Dresden has a good Junior corps, and under the leadership of their worthy Sergeant-Major, Mrs. Chummins, is making good progress.

The open-air meetings have been very interesting, and large crowds gathered around and listened to the testimonies and songs. Adjt. Orchard, in his long red coat, straw hat, and staff, attracted attention, as he announced that devils would be cast out by electric light.

We had with us for the week Adjt. and Mrs. McHarg, Capt. Patenden (No. 1 and No. 2), from Wallaceburg,

racks was well filled with a bappy, appreciative crowd. The meeting went with a swing. Such red-hot testimonies. There is no drag with the Dresden people, so far as testifying is concerned.

An enrolment was made by Adjt. McHarg, after which the Major, in the name of the Commissioner, promoted Lieut. Crafts and Pennacy to the rank of Captain, also Bro. and Sister Sharp to the rank of Pro-Captain. Ice-cream and cake were served and our campaign in Dresden came to a close.

The crowds, in spite of very wet weather, have been splendid, the finances reached \$107, and 32 prisoners were taken. Capt. Hodge and his assistant worked nobly to make the meetings the success they have been, and their toil has not been without reward.

A rather amusing incident occurred in connection with our visit to Dresden, which will not be soon forgotten. A number of the Brigade camped out in the tents, and one night, after everyone had settled down to peaceful slumber a sudden call was made from the tent occupied by the ladies, "Staff-Captain, there is someone in our tent." We were all aroused and investigation was made, but the intruders could not be found. However, nothing could

By ENSIGN W. E. PARSONS

100

We buried him the next Sunday. The service was a very impressive one. At the house several of the comrades

W. E. K. (Sunshine), Candidate,
War Cor. N. & M. League,
2nd Worcestershire Regt.

Answer : Sergeant's stripes should be worn on the left arm, above the elbow, point down ; Sergeant-Major's stripes on the right arm, below the elbow, point up. We cannot recollect that the War Cry has given any other information at any time.

OUR HUSTLERS HONOR ROLL

Where's Nigger?—The Dauntless East
—Farewell, Dawson: The Island
Colony at it Again—A New
Champion.

Oh, dear! What can the matter be? Here's Central Ontario next door to the Editor's den, and no hustlers list, and poor Lieut. Currell is cut out of being champion for one week.

The Eastern sends as many as the East Ontario, Newfoundland, Pacific, and Klondike combined, and then has a few to spare. My, what a well folks they are, to be sure.

The Klondike hustlers, Capt. Lloyd and Wilcox, are giving some hard drying kicks. But won't they be able to give some thrilling tales of Cry booming among the saloons of Dawson! Here's the success to the new Dawsonites!

Newfoundland is at her old tricks again. I wouldn't be surprised if she leapt ahead and "slew" her heels to several friends of mine. Well, I guess I'll wait before I say much more, in case I got disappointed.

Arach has not done as well as he used to. 77 hustlers is below par, my prancing beauty. That arched neck of yours is not so proud as it was.

Seeing that Lieut. Currell's name does not appear this week, the palm is awarded to Lieut. West, of London, who sells 290. Well done, Lieutenant. You needn't go West. Stay right where you are.

The other champions are Lieut. March, St. John I. (245), Lieut. Moore, Sydney (236), and Sergt. Lidston, Glace Bay (206)—all down-Easters.

Eastern Province.

135 Hustlers.

Lieut. March, St. John I.	245
Lieut. Moore, Sydney	235
Sergt. Lidston, Glace Bay	206
Capt. Payne, Hamilton	180
Capt. Martin, Fredericton	165
Sergt. Vainot, Halifax I.	162
Capt. Redwood, Somerset	130
Cand. Thompson, Charlottetown	114
Ensign W. Carter, Westville	110
Lieut. L. Newell, Eastport	110
Lieut. Thistle, Calais	110
Lieut. Brice, Charlottetown	100
P. S. M. Casbin, Halifax I.	100
Lieut. H. White, North Sydney	100
Sergt. Meikle, Carleton	100
Capt. Prince, St. George's	100
S. M. Flood, Hamilton	100
Jennie McQueen, Moncton	100
Cand. McPadden, New Glasgow	90
Lieut. Copeland, St. John I.	90
Mrs. Ensign Thompson, St. Stephen	85
Mrs. Adjt. Crichan, Charlottetown	80
Lieut. Duncan, Carleton	80
Mrs. Ensign Parsons, Amherst	80
Sister Towend, Parrabero	80
Lieut. B. Duncan, St. John III.	80
Lieut. Weakley, Newcastle	79
Lieut. Parsons, Springhill	75
Capt. Armstrong, Truro	75
Lieut. Gunnivan, Chatham	75
Minnie Smith, Windsor	70
Bro. Dunkley, St. George's	66
Mrs. Ensign Bowring, Woodstock	62
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III.	60
Adjt. Wixson, New Glasgow	60
Capt. Lorimer, North Sydney	60
Bro. Jennings, St. George's	60
Ensign McDonald, Summerside	60
Capt. N. Smith, Moncton	60
Lieut. Fewson, Whitely Pier	55
Capt. Murrough, Liverpool	55
Lieut. Clark, Liverpool	55
Capt. Forsey, Parrabero	55
Ensign Peckwood, St. George's	55
Stella Larder, Windsor	53
Lieut. McLennan, Bridgewater	50
Capt. Hebb, Sackville	50
Capt. Lamont, St. John V.	50
Sergt. Bazley, Halifax I.	50
Capt. Jarvis, Halifax I.	50
Capt. McEachern, Kentville	47
Cand. Gilbert, Kentville	47

Capt. Netting, Annapolis	45
Cand. Hardwick, St. Stephen	45
Lieut. Ritchie, Bear River	45
Sergt. Jarvis, Halifax I.	45
Annie Lawford, Bridgetown	44
Annie Ramey, Bridgetown	44
P. S. M. E. Worth, Charlottetown	40
Capt. Ebbary, Digby	40
Lieut. V. White, Digby	40
Mrs. Jones, Halifax I.	40
Sergt. Waterman, Sydney	40
Capt. Mercer, Campbellton	40
Capt. Leadley, Fairville	40
Lieut. Lacey, St. John V.	40
Ensign Mrs. Carter, Westville	40
Sergt. Mrs. Matthews, New Glasgow	40
Lieut. Richards, Clark's Harbor	40
Capt. Kirk, Dartmouth	35
Sergt. McKay, Halifax I.	35
Malcolm McGregor, Stellarton	35
Lieut. Barnard, New Glasgow	35
Capt. Murrough, Hillsboro	35
Lieut. Wood, Dartmouth	35
Lieut. Elliott, Sydney Mines	35
D. Smith, Campbellton	35
Capt. Pemberton, Campbellton	35
Lieut. Cavender, Truro	32
Sergt. Burns, Somerset	30
Lieut. Melkie, North Head	30
Capt. Miller, Truro	30
Sergt. McDow, Dartmouth	30
Capt. Tiller, Sydney Mines	30
Capt. Anderson, St. John I.	30
Mrs. Ensign Williams, Fredericton	30
Sergt. Semple, Fredericton	30
Sergt. Ross, Fredericton	30
Capt. Chandler, Canning	30
Cadet Chislett, Canning	30
Capt. Greene, Houlton	30
Lieut. McKee, Houlton	30
Sergt. Dinnle, Glace Bay	30
Ensign Bowring, Woodstock	30
Lieut. Munroe, Freeport	30
Mrs. Place, Hamilton	30
Sergt. Virgil, Southampton	30
Capt. B. Greene, Louisbourg	28
Lieut. Whales, Louisbourg	28
Mrs. Adjt. Wiggins, New Glasgow	27
Sergt. Pitts, Springhill	27
Lieut. Nugent, Carleton	27
Aggie Wilson, Dominion	25
Johanna McLean, Dominion	25
Sergt. Jones, St. John III.	25
Mary K. by, Halifax I.	25
Mrs. Smy, Halifax I.	25
Mrs. Smith, Hamilton	25
Mrs. Lott, St. Hamilton	25
Cand. Clark, Glace Bay	20
Sister McQuinn, Glace Bay	20
Sergt. E. Gland, Chatham	20
Mrs. Frazer, Halifax I.	20
Winnie Burgess, Halifax I.	20
Cadet T. G. M., Halifax I.	20
Cadet N. W., Halifax I.	20
Lieut. R. f. use, Halifax I.	20
Lieut. F. ser, Hillsboro	20
Sergt. Robinson, Amherst	20
Sergt. Owen, St. John I.	20
C. C. Gordon, Fredericton	20
Ensign Thompson, St. Stephen	20
Sergt. Kent, Bear River	20
C. C. Boone, Halifax I.	20
Beattie Sherburn, Windsor	20
Sergt. Felly, Chatham	20
Sydney Church, St. George's	20
Capt. Harding, Sussex	20
Lieut. Conrad, Sussex	20
Capt. Davis, Lunenburg	20
Lieut. Crossman, Lunenburg	20

West Ontario Province.

77 Hustlers.

Lieut. West, London	290
Mrs. Burton, Galt	180
Mrs. Major Cooper, Brantford	130
P. S. M. McDougall, Goderich	120
Lieut. Closs, Strathroy	120
Mrs. Hoffman, Woodstock	100
Capt. Winnie Pattenden, Wallaceburg	100
Cadet Ed. Backus, St. Thomas	100
Capt. Bishop, Wingham	100
Capt. Carr, Sarnia	90
Carrie McQueen, Petrolia	85
P. S. M. Schuster, Berlin	85
Adjt. Scott, Sarnia	85
Lieut. Hinsley, Simcoe	79
Lieut. Ellis, Ridgeway	75
Mrs. Moffat, Chatham	71
Capt. Yeomans, Woodstock	70
Ensign Hoddinott, Ingersoll	65
Capt. Barner, Blenheim	64
S. M. Tremblay, Listowel	60
Sgt. Ensign Hoddinott, Ingersoll	60
Cand. Woods, Strathroy	60
Maggie Chatterson, Guelph	60

Adjt. Cameron, Guelph	55
Cand. Kitchen, Paris	55
Mrs. Capt. Rock, Seaford	55
Capt. Hancock, Hespeler	52
Lieut. Allen, Watford	50
Sergt. Robinson, Windsor	50
Capt. Dowell, Palmerston	50
Capt. Jorison, Stratford	50
Mrs. A. Howlett, Drayton	50
Lillie Duckworth, Hespeler	50
Mother Cutting, Essex	46
Rose Ellis, Dresden	46
Capt. Hann, Clinton	46
Capt. Campbell, St. Thomas	46
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Palmerston	40
C. C. Florrie Keeler, Windsor	40
S. M. Richards, Guelph	40
Capt. Gibson, Tilsonburg	40
Stater Mary Maloney, Tilsonburg	40
C. C. Verna Crafts, Chatham	38
Adjt. Coombs, Petrolia	35
Capt. Lizzie Pattenden, Wallaceburg	35
Capt. Rickie, Thorford	35
Sergt. Rhoda Keeler, Windsor	35
C. C. Lillie Dixon, St. Thomas	34
Lieut. Davis, Dresden	34
Mrs. Kerawell, London	34
Lieut. Murray, Berlin	30
Mary Wilson, Simcoe	30
C. C. Christner, Petrolia	30
Capt. Rock, Seaford	30
Lieut. McColl, Bothwell	30
Capt. Young, Forest	25
Lizzie Garside, London	25
Sergt. Lamb, Stratford	25
Dave Virtue, Windsor	23
Bro. Musgrove, Wroxeter	20
Mother Broadwell, Kingsville	20
Sergt. Bryson, Petrolia	20
Adjt. Mitchell, Petrolia	20
Capt. Denny, Listowel	20
S. M. Graham, Thamesville	20
C. C. Nellie Brown, Bothwell	20
Den Kerawell, London	20
Sister Lavinia, Ingersoll	20
Sister Knapp, Ingersoll	20
Dad Christian, Dresden	20
Bro. M. Clement, Clinton	20
Bro. T. Bezzo, Clinton	20
Mrs. McKroy, St. Thomas	20
Mrs. Hocking, St. Thomas	20
Capt. Williams, Essex	20
Lieut. Parker, Essex	20
Mabel Smith, Tilsonburg	20

East Ontario Province.

60 Hustlers.

Lieut. Fulford, Belleville	175
Lieut. Lawrie, Picton	150
S. M. Dudley, Ottawa	147
Ensign Hunt, Burlington	142
Lieut. Duncan, Godswill	132
Sergt. Stevenson, Peterboro	98
Ensign Bloss, Ottawa	94
Sergt. Moors, Montreal I.	84
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	82
Lieut. Langley, Burlington	81
Lieut. Greenfield, Trenton	80
Lieut. Matthews, Peterboro	80
Mrs. Capt. Clark, Campbellford	70
Capt. A. Ash, Sherbrooke	70
Pro-Capt. Podger, Brockville	70
Cadet Allen, Newport	68
Sister Rayson, Barre	68
Adjt. McNamara, Kingston	68
Capt. Hicks, Pembroke	66
Lieut. Foley, Pembroke	66
Lieut. Keats, Newport	60
Capt. O'Neill, Arnprior	60
Lieut. Soward, Arnprior	60
Capt. Liddell, Alsbury	58
C. C. Pollitt, Kingston	57
C. M. Carson, Kingston	56
Lieut. Hoole, Kingston	56
Lieut. Rutledge, Deseronto	55
Sergt. Barber, Kingston	55
Sergt. Hippen, Montreal I.	50
Capt. Edwards, Quebec	50
Mrs. Capt. Brimson, Quebec	50
Sister Berry, Quebec	50
Sergt. Hornback, Cobourg	50
Sergt. Carpenter, Sherbrooke	50
Sister Stone, Lakeside	40
P. S. M. Rice, Montreal I.	40
P. S. M. Barton, Prescott	37
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	36
Ensign Comstock, Tweed	35
Sergt. Thomson, Montreal I.	34
Trans. White, Brockville	34
Mrs. Capt. Podger, Brockville	30
P. S. M. Moon, Tweed	30
Matt. Brimson, Quebec	30
C. C. Casselman, Campbellford	30
Sergt. Ritchie, Montreal I.	25
Sergt. Wright, Montreal I.	25
Mrs. Brown, Kingston	25
Cand. Potter, Belleville	20
Mrs. Munro, Barre	20
Dad Duquet, Trenton	20
Lieut. Holliday, Ottawa	20
Mrs. Dine, Kingston	20
Sec. Green, Peterboro	20
Sergt. Brimson, Montreal I.	20
Capt. Brimson, Port Hope	20

Newfoundland Province.

25 Hustlers.

Mrs. Adjt. Fraser, St. John's I.	50
Sergt. Major Whitten, St. John's I.	50
Cadet Collins, St. John's I.	50
Sergt. Harris, St. John's I.	50
Cadet Moulton, St. John's I.	50
Nettie Rose, Grand Bank	50
Lieut. Locke, St. John's I.	50
Bro. Pockham, St. John's I.	50
Sergt. Blackmore, Pelly's Island	50
Bro. J. Lucas, St. John's I.	50
Mrs. Newman, Twillingate	50
Lieut. Mercer, St. John's I.	50
P. S. M. Bennett, Fortune	50
Lieut. Snow, Channel	50
Mrs. Capt. Moulton, Dildo	50
J. S. S. M. Adey, Clarendville	50
Lieut. Harding, Bay Roberts	50
Capt. Wiseman, Clark's Beach	50
Sergt. Major Ash, Carbonar	50
Minnie Moore, Bonaville	50
Sergt. Hutchings, St. John's I.	50
Sergt. Blunden, St. John's I.	50
Adjt. Fraser, St. John's I.	50
C. C. Willie Fraser, St. John's I.	50
Sergt. Croger, Heart's Delight	50
Annie Ford, Bonaville	50
Capt. Ford, Old Perlican	50
Sergt. Carter, St. John's I.	50
Capt. Crew, St. John's I.	50
Capt. Hedditch, Sharnstown	50
Mrs. Babcock, Bay Roberts	50
Sergt. Major Ridout, Tilt Cove	50
Mrs. Adjt. Sparks, Tilt Cove	50
Lieut. Blackmore, Tilt Cove	50
S. M. Green, Arnold's Cove	50

Pacific Province.

32 Hustlers.

Capt. Darrach, Whistcom	50
Capt. Walrath, Victoria	50
Sister Wright, Victoria	50
Capt. Johnstone, Nanaimo	50
Lieut. Rowlands, Esquimalt	50
Mrs. Adjt. Nelson, Roseland	50
Mrs. Adjt. Blackburn, Nelson	50
Capt. Hurst, Britte	50
Cadet Yorex, Lawiston	50
Capt. Charlton, Vancouver	50
Capt. Hoar, New Westminster	50
Sergt. Whipple, Vancouver	50
Cadet Knudson, Butte	50
Cadet Massey, Spokane	50
Cadet Robinson, Billings	50
Mrs. Adjt. Ayre, Great Falls	50
Sister Hawkins, Great Falls	50
Sergt. Terryberry, Vancouver	50
Sergt. Morrison, Victoria	50
Lieut. Basalingswaite, Livingston	50
Capt. Miller, Greenwood	50
Cadet McCormick, Revelstoke	50
Bro. Salak, Spokane	50
Lieut. Cannon, New Westminster	50
Florida Peque, Nelson	50
Lacy Bushnell, Spokane	50
Capt. Stevens, Dillon	50
Sister Watson, Lewiston	50
Sergt. Norbury, Spokane	50
Lieut. McDonald, Mt. Vernon	50
Adjt. Blumhagen, Nelson	50
Mrs. Brown, Nelson	50

The Klondike.

2 Hustlers.

Capt. Lloyd, Dawson	50
Capt. Wilcox, Dawson	50

COWARDICE OF LYING.

The devil is the father of lies, cowardice, meanness, and all the other promptings would never lead to birth if our own weakness and fearfulness did not yield to his suggestion. When the lie tempts, not only necessary to say "No," but it is also needful to say to our own hearts, "Fear not; be of courage." The seduction of the lie is that it seems like a good place to hide; the curse of it is that it is hiding in the powder magazine to escape the fire; the rule is not to go quick in coming, but when it comes it is far more deadly than a brave man may have to dash through the flames, but he is not caught by the explosion. So the great fear, novelist, Balzac, says, "All the deception, is certain to be covered, and to result in doing, whereas every situation presents danger if a man plants himself on his own truthfulness." And the devil would say to Cromwell, "all the ends thou almost at be true then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell, fall'st a blessed martyr." But the fool's death.

Your life will be worth what it is worth.

WORTH KNOW

To remove the taste of fish from knives and forks with fresh orange or lemon.

To Prevent Silk Sunshine in the Folds—When putting sunshade, between each roll of tissue paper.

To find out if a bed is aired, introduce a drink between the sheets for a month. If the bed is perfectly dry, glass will be quite clear; damp, the glass will be appearance.

To Prevent Flannel from Soak in cold water before use; then hang to dry with long or rubbing. By this new appearance of the flannel.

To Clean Muddy Boots. carpet glued to a piece of remove mud from boots without the slightest injury, and is far better than the.

To Clean Paint—With a dust, and remove the dust, with a sponge dipped in scouring walnut, begin and proceed downwards, soap and fullers' earth. In two persons should be employed, one to scrub the surface, and the other to dry the surface with cloth.

Folding a Man's Coat—way to fold a man's coat out perfectly flat, with the down. The sleeves should be smoothed and then fold the elbow until each end of is even with the collar. reverse back and then don't over, folding it directly in seam, and then smoothing fully.

To Clean Stiff and Dirty Leather—Make a weak soda and warm water, rub soft soap into the leather, soak for two hours, then quite clean. Afterwards rub in a weak solution of soda, and yellow soap. A quick it well in a rough to wring it, and pull about with soft; it will then be the most new leathers.

To Clean Knives Easily—man fashion of cleaning

HARVE FESTIV



SONG PAGE

CONSECRATION.

Tune.—My all is on the altar.

In full and glad surrender
I give myself to Thee,
Thine utterly and only,
And evermore to be

Chorus.

My all is on the altar, I'm waiting for
the fire,
Waiting, waiting, I'm waiting for the
fire.

O Son of God, who lovest me,
I will be Thine alone,
And all I have and all I am
Shall henceforth be Thine own.

Reign over me, Lord Jesus!
Oh, make my heart Thy throne!
It shall be Thine, dear Saviour,
It shall be Thine alone.

HOLINESS.

Tune.—Shall we gather? (B.J. 140).

Yes, there flows a wondrous river,
That can make the foulest
clean; the giver
Of the freedom from all sin.

Chorus.

Round us flows the cleansing river,
The holy, mighty, wonder-working
river,
That can make a sinner of a sinner,
It flows from the throne of God.

All who seek this cleansing river
Have their deepest needs supplied,
From all stains its waves deliver,
To the soul when they're applied.

Have you proved this precious river,
Perfect cleansing gaining there,
Losing burdens that need never
Rise again to bring you care?

On the margin of this river,
In your stains why still delay?
Why not now be free for ever,
And the voice of God obey?

WAR.

Tune.—I'll stand for Christ (B.J. 69).

In the Army of Jesus I've taken
my stand,
To fight against the forces of
sin.

To the rescue we go, Satan's power to
O'erthrow,
And his captives to Jesus we'll win.

Chorus.

I'll stand for Christ, for Christ alone,
Amid the tempest and the storm,
Where Jesus leads I'll follow on,
I'll stand for Christ alone.

We go forth not to fight against the
sinner, but sin,
The lost and the outcast we love;
The claims of our King before them
we bring.

And we urge them His mercy to
prove.

Jesus pitied our race, and He died in
our place,
To save a lost world He was slain;
But His name and now lives, and His
name

Our warfare is great, and our enemy's
strong.

Our aim He will ever oppose;
But the battle the Lord's, and to
Him we belong.

And with Him we shall conquer our
foes.

A SONG WITH A HISTORY.

These verses, of which Major Baugh
is the author, were written as long
ago as 1830 or 1831. They are inspi-

arably connected with the history of
the Army. When the song, to the
tune "Champagne Charlie," first ap-
peared in the War Cry, a friend pro-
tested to the singing of religious words
to such a tune. The General felt at
that time the force of the objection,
and directed that our songs should not
be set to music-hall tunes. Not long
afterwards, however, this very song
was sung in the General's presence
at a big demonstration. The General
was pleased with the tune—which he
had not heard before—and especially
with the heartiness of the congrega-
tion in singing the chorus. He, there-
fore, enquired of the Chief of the
Staff what the tune might be, and
upon mention of the title being
made, the General decided that our
songs might henceforth be sung to
these popular airs. That was a wise
and important decision, as we all know
to-day.

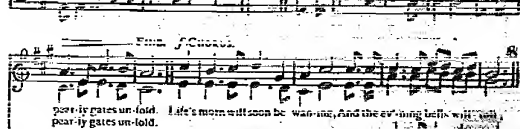
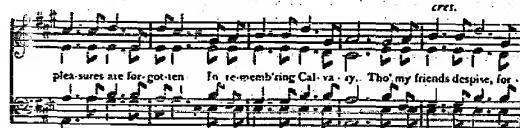
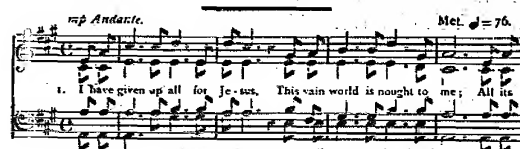
Tune.—Merry still for thee (B.J. 49).

I was a slave for many years,
And conquered by my sin,
I tried and prayed in doubts and
fears,
But still was wrong within.
I heard that Jesus died to save,
From every sin set free;
I gave up trying there and then,
And, oh, He set me free!

Old Chorus.

Oh, bless His name, He sets me free!
Bless His name, He sets me free!
The blood, the blood, the precious
blood,
I'm trusting in the cleansing blood,
Bless His name, He sets me free!
Bless His name, He sets me free!
I know the past is washed away,
And now in Jesus I am free!

LIFE'S MORN WILL SOON BE WANING.



When the voice of Jesus calls me,
And the angels whisper low,
I will lean upon my Saviour,
Through the valley as I go;
I will claim His precious promise,
Worth to me the world of gold,
"Fear not evil, I'll be with thee,"
When the pearly gates unfold.

And though the world and hell unite
My peace to overthrow,
My trust is in the living God,
Who makes me white as snow.
The precious blood now cleanses me,
And Jesus keeps me right;
My will is swallowed up in God,
I'm walking in the light.

Now in my soul there's constant peace,
A peace I cannot tell,
The living waters bubble up,
And Jesus is the Well.
The conflict's o'er, the battle won,
And Jesus is the King;
Where'er I go, and while I've breath,
I always mean to sing—

HEAVEN.

Tune.—Who'll fight for the Lord? (B.
B. 15).

Ob, think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light;
Where the angels all immortal and
fair
Are robed in their garments of
white.

Chorus.

Over there, oh, think of the home over
there!

Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have
trod;
Of the songs that they breathe on the
air,
In their home in the palace of God.

My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are
at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart over there
Are waiting and watching for me.

SALVATION.

Tune.—To save a poor sinner
When Jesus was born in a
stable.
The shepherds came looking
for him,
For the angels proclaimed that a
saviour was born
To save a poor sinner like me.

Chorus.

To save a poor sinner, to save a
poor sinner,
To save a poor sinner like
me,
For the angels proclaimed that a
saviour was born
To save a poor sinner like me.
He was wounded for our
iniquities,<
Acquainted with sorrow was he
in the Garden. He prayed, and
great drops of blood,
To save a poor sinner like me.

He was brought to Pilate for
judgment,
He was sentenced to hang on a
tree,
"It is finished," He cried, when
he suffered and died
To save a poor sinner like me.

Death's barriers could not hold him,
He burst them asunder for me,
On the third day He rose, in
His
To save a poor sinner like me.

I'm fighting my passage to heaven,
O'er death I shall conquer
Then to glory I'll fly, and
through the sky,
"He saved a poor sinner like me."

INVITATION.

Tune.—What's the news? (B.J. 11).

Mark, sinner! Jesus calls to thee,
Come to-night!
He offers peace and liberty.
Come to-night!
He waits to pardon all thy sin,
To cleanse and make thee pure
For freedom now apply to Him,
Come to-night!

Oh, do not spurn His offered love,
Come to-night!
Here's welcome and a fond desire,
Come to-night!
Remember how thy Lord was slain,
Think of His agony and pain,
That He may pardon might obtain,
Come to-night!

Long hath thy Saviour called to thee,
Come to-night!
Why wilt thou still in sin remain?
Come to-night!
In glory angels will rejoice,
When thou hast made the Lord thy
choke;
Oh, heed at once His loving voice,
Come to-night!

Do not reject such boundless love,
Come to-night!
For joy and fulness thou mayst prove,
Come to-night!
And when thou'rt near to Jesus
wake,
Christ will be there to help and save,
And give thee victory o'er the grave,
Come to-night!

The days of grace are fleeting by,
Come to-night!
How soon, indeed we all must die,
Come to-night!
Oh, think how awful it would be
To spend a long eternity
In endless pain and misery!
Come to-night!

Spiritual Specials.

BRIGADIER PUGHMIRE,
Assisted by Capt. Urquhart.

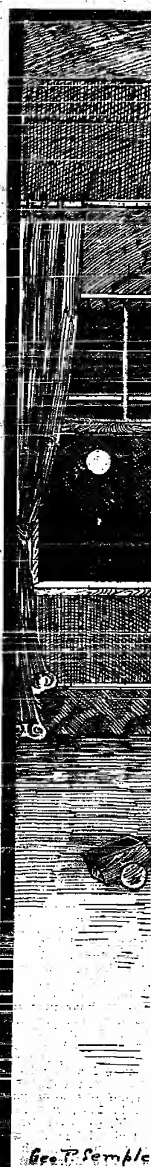
Will visit Tweed, Aug. 30 to Sept. 1;
Ottawa, Sept. 10 to Sept. 22; Montreal,
Sept. 24 to Oct. 6.

STAFF-CAPT. BUNDITT and STAFF
CAPT. MANTON.

Will visit Stratford, Aug. 16 to Aug.
25; Ingersoll, Aug. 27 to Sept. 5;
Thomas, Sept. 10 to Sept. 21.



18th Year, No. 4



Geo. P. Sample